

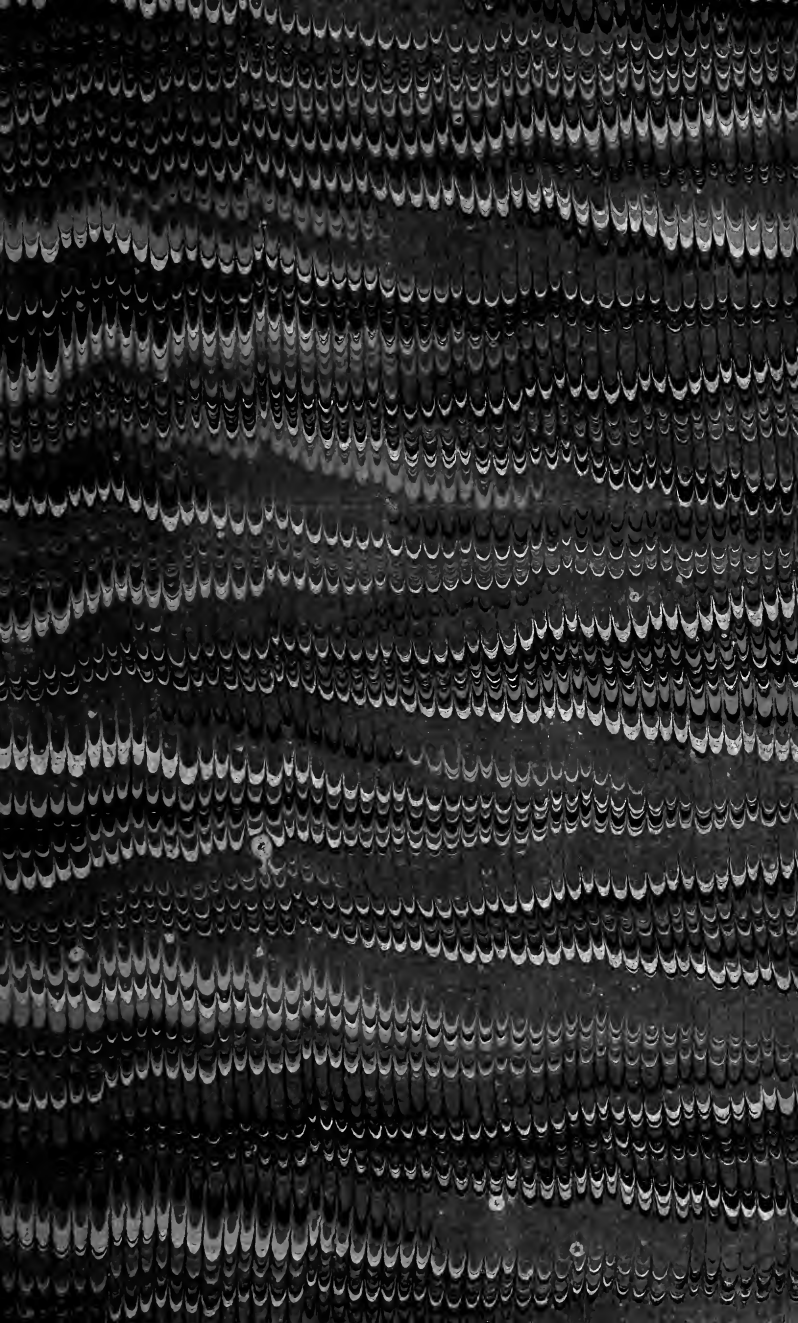


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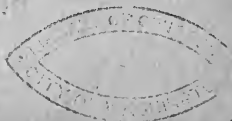
IN PROSE AND POETRY;
FROM THE MOST CELEBRATED
WRITERS.

—
BY NATHANIEL HEATON, JUN.
—

PUBLISHED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS.

W R E N T H A M, (MASS.)

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THE

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FRIENDSHIP.

THE comforts arising from the good offices of friendship are so highly valuable above all that riches or power can bestow, that the very mimicry of friendship is one of the favors which wealth or grandeur can bestow on those who possess them. It is not altogether for their own sake that riches and power are so much esteemed, but chiefly for the subserviency of those friends and partisans which they are supposed to procure. And if you take away these friendships (false and inconstant as they generally are) riches become useless and power vanishes. A true virtuous friend has many amiable qualities which, in a low degree faintly resemble the attributes of the Deity, reason wherewith to advise, love to cherish, compassion to pity, wisdom to prevent your wants, and sometimes power to relieve them; together with integrity to remove all suspicion of deceit and self-interest. In short the benefits accruing from real friendship are inestimable. "A true friend" says the son of Sirach "is a strong defence, and he that has found such a one has found a treasure. Nothing can countervail a true friend, and his excellency is invaluable. A faithful

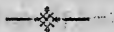
friend is a medicine of life, and they that fear the Lord shall find him.

Suppose a man to be thrown upon a desolate Island and let a superior being approach him with a friend in one hand, and all the riches of the earth in the other, and give the man leave to choose which he most desired. Would he hesitate a moment to choose the friend! Of what use could riches be in his present situation? Is there not something intrinsic in friendship, an inseparable blessing useful at all times, and in all places, which power and riches destitute of friends cannot bestow.

Our first parent had all the beauties of creation to contemplate, all the animals under his jurisdiction, all the beauties of paradise to enjoy. But when a true friend was presented to him, he was so transported with the gift that he seemed to neglect all the other favors he had received.—We hope even at the hour of death, soon to meet a virtuous friend, who has gone before us, or whom we leave behind us in this world; whereas riches and power (except so far as we have made a virtuous use of them) are then to depart from us forever.

I bless and magnify thy holy name, O my gracious God, for those faithful friends with which thou hast favored me. Let their good example excite me to love and serve thee. And, O Lord if it be consistent with thy wisdom and justice, let our friendship, begun through thy mercy here, be cultivated and perpetuated through all eternity.

THE MOOR AND SPANIARD.



THE Spanish historians relate a memorable instance of honor and regard to truth. A Spanish cavalier in a sudden quarrel slew a Moorish gentleman, and fled. His pursuers soon lost sight of him, for he had unperceived thrown himself over a garden wall. The owner, a Moor, happening to be in his garden, was addressed by the Spaniard on his knees, who acquainted him with his case, and implored concealment. "Eat this," said the Moor, (giving him half a peach) "you now know that you may confide in my protection." He then locked him up in his garden apartment, telling him as soon as it was night he would provide for his escape to a place of greater safety. The Moor then went into his house, where he had but just seated himself, when a great crowd, with loud lamentations, came to his gate, bringing the corpse of his son, who had just been killed by a Spaniard. When the first shock of surprise was a little over, he learnt from the description given, that the fatal deed was done by the very person then in his power. He mentioned this to no one; but as soon as it was dark retired to his garden, as if to grieve alone, giving orders that none should follow him. Then accosted the Spaniard, he said, "Christian, the person you have killed is my son, his body is now in my house. You ought to suffer; but you have eaten with me, and I have given you my faith, which must not be broken." He then led the astonished Spaniard to his stable, and mounted.

him on one of his fleetest horses, and said, "Fly far, while night can cover you; you will be safe in the morning. You are indeed guilty of my son's blood: but God is just and good, and I thank him I am innocent of yours, and that my faith given is preserved."

This point of honor is most religiously observed by the Arabs and Saracens, from whom it was adopted by the Moors of Africa, and by them was brought into Spain; the effects of which remain to this day: so that when there is any fear of a war breaking out between England and Spain, an English merchant there, who apprehends the confiscation of his goods as those of an enemy, thinks them safe if he can get a Spaniard to take charge of them; for the Spaniard secures them as his own, and faithfully re-delivers them, or pays the value, whenever the Englishman demands them. One instance of Spanish honor cannot but still be fresh in the memory of many living, and deserves to be handed down to the latest posterity.

In the year 1746, when we were in hot war with Spain, the *Elizabeth* of London, captain William Edwards, coming through the Gulph from Jamaica, richly laden, met with a most violent storm, in which the ship sprung a leak, that obliged them, for the saving of their lives, to run into the Havannah, a Spanish port. The captain went on shore, and directly waited on the governor, told the occasion of his putting in, and that he surrendered the ship as a prize, and himself and his men as prisoners of war, only requesting good quarter. "No Sir," replied the Spanish governor, "if we had taken you in fair war at sea, or approaching our coast

with hostile intentions, your ship would then have been a prize, and your people prisoners ; but when distressed by a tempest, you come into our ports for the safety of your lives, we the enemies, being men, are bound as such by the laws of humanity to afford relief to distressed men who ask it of us. We cannot even against our enemies take advantage of an act of God. You have leave therefore to unload your ship, if it be necessary, to stop the leak ; you may refit her here, and traffic so far as shall be necessary to pay the charges ; you may then depart, and I will give you a pass to be in force till you are beyond Bermuda : if after that you are taken, you will then be a lawful prize ; but now you are only a stranger, and have a stranger's right to safety and protection." The ship accordingly departed, and arrived safe in London.



THE BLACKBIRDS—AN ELEGY.



SPRING had return'd and nature smil'd,
Verdure had crown'd each wood and vale,
All was compos'd, serene, and mild,
And notes of pleasure swell'd the gale.

'Twas then a blackbird and its mate
In a seringo built her nest,
The patient hen assiduous sat
With trembling wing and heaving breast.

Two chirpers soon reward their care,
The pledges of their mutual love,

The pleasing task the parents share,
 And range for food the blossom'd grove.
 Returning through a shrubby mead,
 The gentle pair, with anguish, saw
 Their little ones expiring bleed
 Beneath a wanton tyrant's paw.

In vain they feebly flutter'd round,
 In vain they pour'd a plaintive lay,
 Deaf to the sweet pathetic sound,
 The plund'rer still retain'd her prey.

"Whither, ah, whither, shall we fly?
 Life has no value now," they sung;
 "We'll melt the murd'ers heart, and die
 With wings stretch'd fondly o'er our young."

When he had finished, he thought something was still wanting ;—he had not paid a compliment to Julia. He cut his pencil again and again, but it would not do ; the string was too fine to touch upon. He went to bed in despair. In the morning, when he took his leave, he presented the paper to Julia. She read the title, and put it into her bosom, with a smile. But that smile betrayed a secret she wished to have concealed.—It forced a tear down her cheek.

Spirits of love and sympathy ! Inspirers of all the soft affections, of all that is beautiful in feeling, and elevated in thought ! Ye alone can tell, ye who can awake such trilling harmony from that sweet instrument the human soul, ye alone can tell what fine, what exquisitely fine cement unites congenial natures, what magnetic principle operates upon them.

SEGED OF ETHIOPIA.



SEGED, lord of Ethiopia, to the inhabitants of the world : To the sons of presumption, humility and fear ; and to the daughters of sorrow, content and acquiescence.

Thus, in the twenty-seventh year of his reign, spoke Seged, the monarch of forty nations, the distributor of the waters of the Nile : “ At length, Seged, thy toils are at an end ; thou hast reconciled disaffection, thou hast suppressed rebellion, thou hast pacified the jealousies of thy courtiers, thou hast chased war from thy confines, and erected fortresses in the lands of thy enemies. All who have offended thee, tremble in thy presence, and wherever thy voice is heard, it is obeyed. Thy throne is surrounded by armies, numerous as the locusts of the summer, and resistless as the blasts of pestilence. Thy magazines are stored with ammunition, thy treasures overflow with the tribute of conquered kingdoms. Plenty waves upon thy fields, and opulence glitters in thy cities. Thy nod is as the earthquake that shakes the mountains, and thy smiles as the dawn of the vernal day. In thy hand is the strength of thousands, and thy health is the health of millions. Thy palace is gladdened by the song of praise, and thy path perfumed by the breath of benediction. Thy subjects gaze upon thy greatness, and think of danger, of misery no more. Why, Seged, wilt thou not partake the blessings thou bestowest ? Why shouldest thou

B

only forbear to rejoice in this general felicity. Why should thy face be clouded with anxiety, when the meanest of those who call thee sovereign, gives the day to festivity, and the night to peace? At length, Seged, reflect and be wise. What is the gift of conquest but safety, why are riches collected but to purchase happiness?"

Seged then ordered the house of pleasure, built in an island of the late Dambea, to be prepared for his reception. "I will retire" says he, "for ten days from tumult and care, from counsels and decrees. Long quiet is not the lot of the governors of nations, but a cessation of ten days cannot be denied me. This short interval of happiness may surely be secured from the interruption of fear or perplexity, sorrow or disappointment. I will exclude all trouble from my abode, and remove from my thoughts whatever may confuse the harmony of the concert, or abate the sweetness of the banquet. I will fill the whole capacity of my soul with enjoyment, and try what it is to live without a wish unsatisfied."

In a few days the orders were performed, and Seged hastened to the palace of Dambea, which stood in an island cultivated only for pleasure, planted with every flower that spreads its colors to the sun, and every shrub that sheds fragrance in the air. In one part of this extensive garden, were open walks for excursions in the morning; in another, thick groves, and silent arbors, and bubbling fountains for repose at noon. All that could solace the sense, or flatter the fancy, all that industry could extort from nature, or wealth furnish to art, all that conquest could seize, or benefi-

cence attract, was collected together, and every perception of delight was excited and gratified.

Into this delicious region Seged summoned all the persons of his court, who seemed eminently qualified to receive or communicate pleasure. His call was readily obeyed; the young, the fair, the vivacious, and the witty, were all in haste to be fated with felicity. They sailed jocund over the lake, which seemed to smooth its surface before them: Their passage was cheered with music, and their hearts dilated with expectation.

Seged landing here with his band of pleasure, determined from that hour to break off all acquaintance with discontent, to give his heart for ten days to ease and jollity, and then fall back to the common state of man, and suffer his life to be diversified, as before, with joy and sorrow.

He immediately entered his chamber, to consider where he should begin his circle of happiness. He had all the artists of delight before him, but knew not whom to call, since he could not enjoy one, but by delaying the performance of another. He chose and rejected, he resolved and changed his resolution, till his faculties were harrassed, and his thoughts confused; then returned to the apartment where his presence was expected, with languid eyes and clouded countenance, and spread the infection of uneasiness over the whole assembly. He observed their depression, and was offended, for he found his vexation increased by those whom he expected to dissipate and relieve it. He retired again to his private chamber, and sought for con-

solation in his own mind ; one thought flowed in upon another ; a long succession of images seized his attention : the moments crept imperceptibly away thro' the gloom of pensiveness, till having recovered his tranquillity, he lifted up his head, and saw the lake brightened by the setting sun, "Such," said Seged sighing, "is the longest day of human existence : Before we have learned to use it, we find it at an end."

The regret which he felt for the loss of so great a part of his first day, took from him all disposition to enjoy the evening ; and, after having endeavored for the sake of his attendants, to force an air of gaiety, and excite that mirth which he could not share, he resolved to refer his hopes to the next morning, and lay down to partake with the slaves of labor and poverty, the blessing of sleep.

He rose early the second morning, and resolved now to be happy. He therefore fixed upon the gate of the palace an edict, importing, that whoever, during nine days, should appear in the presence of the king with dejected countenance, or utter any expression of discontent or sorrow, should be driven forever from the palace of Dambea.

This edict was immediately made known in every chamber of the court and bower of the gardens. Mirth was frightened away, and they who were before dancing in the lawns, or singing in the shades, were at once engaged in the care of regulating their looks, that Seged might find his will punctually obeyed, and see none among them liable to banishment.

Sege now met every face settled in a smile ; but a smile that betrayed solicitude, timidity, and constraint. He accosted his favorites with familiarity and softness ; but they durst not speak without premeditation, lest they should be convicted of discontent or sorrow. He proposed diversions, to which no objection was made, because objection would have implied uneasiness ; but they were regarded with indifference by the courtiers, who had no other desire than to signalize themselves by clamorous exultation. He offered various topics of conversation, but obtained only forced jests, and laborious laughter, and after many attempts to animate his train to confidence and alacrity, was obliged to confess to himself the impotence of command, and resign another day to grief and disappointment.

He at last relieved his companions from their terrors, and shut himself up in his chamber to ascertain by different measures, the felicity of the succeeding days. At length he threw himself on the bed, and closed his eyes, but imagined, in his sleep, that his palace and gardens were overwhelmed by an inundation, and waked with all the terrors of a man struggling in the water. He composed himself again to rest, but was affrighted by an imaginary irruption into his kingdom, and striving, as is usual in dreams, without ability to move, fancied himself betrayed to his enemies, and again started up with horror and indignation.

It was now day, and fear was so strongly impressed on his mind, that he could sleep no more. He rose, but his thoughts were filled with the deluge and invasion, nor was he able to disengage his attention, or min-

gle with vacancy and ease in any amusement. At length his perturbation gave way to reason, and he resolved no longer to be harrassed by visionary miseries; but before this resolution could be completed, half the day had elapsed: He felt a new conviction of the uncertainty of human schemes, and could not forbear to bewail the weakness of that being, whose quiet was to be interrupted by vapors of the fancy. Having been first disturbed by a dream, he afterwards grieved that a dream could disturb him. He at last discovered, that his terrors and grief were equally vain, and that to lose the present in lamenting the past, was voluntarily to protract a melancholy vision. The third day was now declining, and Seged again resolved to be happy on the morrow.

On the fourth morning Seged rose early, refreshed with sleep, vigorous with health, and eager with expectation. He entered the garden, attended by the princes and ladies of his court, and seeing nothing about him but airy cheerfulness, began to say to his heart, "This day shall be a day of pleasure." The sun played upon the water, the birds warbled in the groves, and the gales quivered among the branches. He roved from walk to walk as chance directed him, and sometimes listened to the songs, sometimes mingled with dancers, sometimes let loose his imagination in flights of merriment: and sometimes uttered grave reflections, and sententious maxims, and feasted on the admiration with which they were received.

Thus the day rolled on, without any accident of vexation, or intrusion of melancholy thoughts. All that

beheld him caught gladness from his looks, and the sight of happiness conferred by himself filled his heart with satisfaction: But having passed three hours in this harmless luxury, he was alarmed on a sudden by an universal scream among the women, and turning back, saw the whole assembly flying in confusion. A young crocodile had risen out of the lake, and was ranging the garden in wantonness or hunger. Seged beheld him with indignation, as a disturber of his felicity, and chased him back into the lake, but could not persuade his retinue to stay, or free their hearts from the terror which had seized upon them. The princesses inclosed themselves in the palace, and could yet scarcely believe themselves in safety. Every attention was fixed upon the late danger and escape, and no mind was any longer at leisure for gay sallies or careless prattle.

Seged had now no other employment than to contemplate the innumerable casualties which lie in ambush on every side to intercept the happiness of man, and break in upon the hour of delight and tranquillity. He had, however, the consolation of thinking, that he had not been disappointed by his own fault, and that the accident which had blasted the hopes of the day, might easily be prevented by future caution.

That he might provide for the pleasure of the next morning, he resolved to repeal his penal edict, since he had already found that discontent and melancholy were not to be driven away by the threats of authority, and that pleasure would only reside where she was exempted from control. He therefore invited all the com-

panions of his retreat to unbounded pleasantry, by proposing prizes for those who should on the following day, distinguish themselves by any festive performances; the tables of the antechamber were covered with gold and pearls, and robes and garlands decreed the rewards of those who could refine elegance or heighten pleasure.

At this display of riches every eye immediately sparkled, and every tongue was busied in celebrating the bounty and magnificence of the emperor. But when Seged entered, in hopes of uncommon entertainment from universal emulation, he found that any passion too strongly agitated, puts an end to that tranquillity which is necessary to mirth, and that the mind, that is to be moved by the gentle ventilations of gaiety must be first smoothed by a total calm. Whatever we ardently wish to gain, we must in the same degree be afraid to lose, and fear and pleasure cannot dwell together.

All was now care and solicitude. Nothing was done or spoken, but with so visible an endeavor at perfection, as always failed to delight, though it sometimes forced admiration: And Seged could not but observe with sorrow, that his prizes had more influence than himself. As the evening approached, the contest grew more earnest, and those who were forced to allow themselves excelled, began to discover the malignity of defeat, first by angry glances, and at last by contemptuous murmurs. Seged likewise shared the anxiety of the day; for considering himself as obliged to distribute with exact justice the prizes which had

been so zealously fought, he durst never remit his attention, but passed his time upon the rack of doubt in balancing different kinds of merit, and adjusting the claims of all the competitors.

At last, knowing that no exactness could satisfy those whose hopes he should disappoint, and **thinking** that on a day set apart for happiness, it would be cruel to oppress any heart with sorrow, he declared that all had pleased him alike, and dismissed all with presents of equal value.

Seged soon saw that his caution had not been able to avoid offence. They who had believed themselves secure of the highest prizes, were not pleased to be levelled with the crowd; and though, by the liberality of the king, they received more than his promise had intitled them to expect, they departed unsatisfied, because they were honored with no distinction, and wanted an opportunity to triumph in the mortification of their opponents. "Behold here" said Seged, "the condition of him who places his happiness in the happiness of others." He then retired to meditate, and, while the courtiers were repining at his distributions, saw the fifth sun go down in discontent.

The next dawn renewed his resolution to be happy. But having learned how little he could effect by settled schemes of preparatory measures, he thought it best to give up one day entirely to chance, and left every one to please and be pleased his own way.

This relaxation of regularity diffused a general complacency through the whole court, and the emperor

imagined, that he had at last found the secret of obtaining an interval of felicity. But as he was roving in this careless assembly with equal carelessness, he overheard one of his courtiers in a close arbor murmuring alone. "What merit has Seged above us, that we should thus fear and obey him, a man, whom whatever he may have formerly performed, his luxury now shows to have the same weakness with ourselves?" This charge affected him the more, as it was uttered by one whom he had always observed among the most abject of his flatterers. At first his indignation prompted him to severity; but reflecting, that what was spoken, without intention to be heard, was to be considered as only thought, and was perhaps but the sudden burst of casual and temporary vexation, he invented some decent pretence to send him away, that his retreat might not be tainted with the breath of envy; and after the struggle of deliberation was past, and all desire of revenge utterly suppressed, passed the evening not only with tranquillity, but triumph, though none but himself was conscious of the victory.

The remembrance of this clemency cheered the beginning of the seventh day, and nothing happened to disturb the pleasure of Seged, till looking on the tree that shaded him, he recollected that under a tree of the same kind he had passed the night after his defeat in the kingdom of Goiama. The reflection on his loss, his dishonor, and the miseries which his subjects suffered from the invader, filled him with sadness. At last he shook off the weight of sorrow, and began to solace himself with his usual pleasures, when his tranquillity was again disturbed by jealousies which the

late contest for the prizes had produced, and which, having in vain tried to pacify them by persuasion, he was forced to silence by command.

On the eighth morning Seged was awakened early by an unusual hurry in the apartment, and enquiring the cause, was told that the princess Balkis was seized with sickness. He rose, and calling the physicians, found that they had little hope of her recovery. Here was an end of jollity. All his thoughts were now upon his daughter, whose eyes he closed on the tenth day.

Such were the days which Seged of Ethiopia had appropriated to a short respiration from the fatigues of war and the cares of government. This narrative he has bequeathed to future generations, that no man hereafter may presume to say, "This day shall be a day of happiness."



DESCRIPTION OF THE NURSERY OF A MAIDEN LADY.



WHEN I went the other day to visit Mrs. Penelope Doat, after I had been waiting some time in the parlor, the servant returned with her mistress's compliments, and acquainted me, that she was extremely busy, and begged to be excused coming down to me, but that she should be very happy to see me in the nursery. I was a good deal surpris'd at the

message, as I knew she was a maiden lady ; but I thought proper to follow the servant up stairs to her mistress, whom I found combing a little white dog that lay in her lap, with a grey parrot perched on one arm of the sofa where she sat, a monkey on the back, and a tabby cat with half a dozen kittens in the other corner. The whole room, which was a very large one, was a nursery for all kinds of animals, except those of the human species. Cages hung all round it, containing parrots, Canary birds, nightingales, linnets, goldfinches, &c. On the chairs were several cats reposing themselves on soft cushions ; and there were little kennels in the Chinese taste in almost every corner of the room, filled with pugs, fidos, and King Charles's breed.

As soon as the chattering of the birds, the barking of the dogs, and the mewing of the cats, which my entrance occasioned, began to cease, " You find me, (said the lady) tending my little family, the only joy of my life ; here is a dear pretty creature ! (holding up the little dog she was combing) a beauty, Sir, a fine long eared snub nosed beauty ! Lady Faddle advertised three quarters of a year, and could not get the fellow to it. Ah, bless it and love it, sweet soul !" And then she stroked it, and kissed it for near two minutes, uttering the whole time all those inarticulate sounds, which cannot be committed to paper, and which are only addressed to dogs, cats, and children, and may very properly be styled the language of the nursery.

The lady observed me smile at the embraces she

bestowed on her motley darling, and said, "I am afraid, Sir, you do not love these pretty creatures. How can you be so cruel? poor dumb things! I would not have them hurt for all the world; nor do I see why a lady should not indulge herself in having such sweet little company about her, as well as you men run out estates in keeping a pack of filthy hounds." She then laid Pompey on his velvet cushion by the fire side, and railed at the barbarity of the human species to the rest of the creation, and entered into a long dissertation on tenderness and humanity.

A human disposition is indeed so amiable either in man or woman, that it ought always to be cherished and kept alive in our bosoms; but at the same time we should be cautious not to render the first virtue of our nature ridiculous. The most compassionate temper may be sufficiently gratified by relieving the wretched of our own species; but who would ever boast of their generosity to a lapdog, and their conferring eternal obligations on a monkey? Or would any person deserve to be celebrated for his charity, who should deny support to a relation or a friend, because he maintains a litter of kittens? For my own part, before I would treat a Dutch puppy with such absurd fondness, I must be brought to worship dogs as the Egyptians did of old; and before I would so extravagantly dote upon a monkey, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

My female friend is not the only instance of this fondness for the brute creation being carried to such

ridiculous lengths. Many grave doctors of the faculty have been called in to feel the pulse of a lap-dog, and inspect the urine of a squirrel, and one lady of my acquaintance, carried the absurdity so far, as to discharge her chaplain because he refused to bury her monkey; another friend of mine, but of the other sex, caused his favorite dog to be buried in Hyde-Park, his housekeeper and other servants attended, and they had each mourning rings upon the occasion, with the name and age of the dog enamelled thereon, the enamel was white, because my friend asserted that his favorite was a bachelor.

But of all follies, surely it is the greatest to provide for these animals by will, which absurd legacies deserve as little the title of humanity, as those donors merit the epithet of charitable, who in a death-bed fright starve their relations by leaving their estates to found an hospital. It is very much to be wished, that money left in trust for such uses, were subject to some statutes of mortmain; or at least, that the gentlemen of the long robe, would contrive some scheme to cut off the entail from monkeys, Italian grey-hounds, and tabby cats.

It is not so surprising that a stage coachman should love his horses better than his wife or children; or a country Esquire be fond of his hounds and hunters, because the reason of this regard for them is easily accounted for; upon the same principles, a sea captain has been known to contract an affection for his ship; but no coachman would like Caligula, tie his horses to a golden rack, but thinks he shows sufficient kindness by filling them with good wholesome provender; and

the country sportsman takes care to provide his hounds with a good kennel and horse-flesh, but would never dream of placing them on a cushion before the fire, feeding them with fricassée, or breeding them with as much care as the heir to his estate.

Amongst the fair sex this irregular passion is most frequently to be found. How often has the slighted gallant envied the caresses given to a lapdog, or kisses bestowed on a squirrel? and "I would I were thy bird!" has been the fond exclamation of many a Romeo. But this affection for birds and beasts generally wears off after marriage, and the ladies commonly discard their four-footed darlings, and feathered favorites, when they can bestow their endearments on an husband. On this account, these dry nurses to pugs and grimalkins, are generally to be met with amongst those females, who have been disappointed in the affairs of love, and have, against their will, retained the flower of their virginity till it has withered in their possession. It sometimes happens, that there is a kind of analogy between the gallant they once loved, and the animal on which they afterwards fixed their affections; and I very well remember an instance of a lady's passion for a lawyer being converted into dotage on a parrot, and have an old maiden aunt, who once languished for a beau, whose heart is now devoted to a monkey.

After what has been said, it will not appear strange, that a lady should be very solicitous to preserve the breed of her favorite animals; a gentleman in St. James's street, lately sent his little Cupid in a sedan

chair as far as Grosvenor-square, to wait upon a lady's Venus for this purpose; and I shall always remember a card which was sent to another lady on a like occasion, expressed in the following terms:

Mr. H——k's compliments to lady Betty L——, is glad to hear Miss Chloe is safely delivered, and begs, as a particular favor, that her ladyship would be pleased to set him down for a puppy.



I CAN'T.



ASK the Child to do his duty, obey his Parents,—I can't—says he—ask the youth to put upon his shoulders the prudent head of experienced age—I can't is his answer.—Ask the hoiden to banish dreams from her pillow—I can't is her excuse.

Ask the young man, to forsake bad company, and the haunts of vice, I can't says he for I love both. The fact is, we leave these things unattempted, and therefore discover not the beauty, virtue, or merit of obedience.

We can't forego the delusive charms of fancy and her airy sweets for the sober realities of a world, whose blessings we have never experienced, and of whose pleasantness, we have had only a Pisgah prospect. Esop tells us of a waggoner, whose heavy wheels had got fastened in a slough—he called upon Her-

cules for help. But Hercules told him to apply his bodily strength to extricate himself, and his carriage from difficulty. If the waggoner had said, good Hercules, I can't, his bones would have lain in the slough till this time, for all Hercules would have done for him.

I can't is the appology of the Lazy Man—tell Timberham the farmer to weed his garden—to clear his land—to plant his garden—to hoe his corn—to reap his wheat and gather in his harvest—he can't, for why? He is better employed in draining his neighbour's last year's cider—in smoaking his pipe, or settling the affairs of the nation in a bar-room. His barefooted children want some shoes, his wife a few pounds of flax, his daughters some necessary articles, which prudent women always think of when on the brink of matrimony. He can't get them—his lands lie fallow; not on account of their prior superabundance of produce, but for lack of the proper bestowment of labor—and his daughter's husbands may purchase their own diaper, for all him, for he will not dig, and to beg he is ashamed.

He who answers, I can't, to a requisition, betrays at once most of the weakness and the foibles of human nature. Industry and perseverance can affect every thing but the reformation of a drunkard, and the cultivation of a quicksand.

THE FUNERAL ORATION OF A PEASANT.



— **P**ASSING by a village, I saw a company of peasants, their eyes dejected and wet with tears, who were entering a temple. The sight struck me : I ordered the carriage to stop, and followed them in. I saw in the middle of the temple the corpse of an old man, in the habit of a peasant, whose white hairs hung down to the ground. The pastor of the village mounted a small eminence, and said—

“ MY FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN,

“ The man you here see was for ninety years a benefactor to mankind. As soon as his legs could support him, he followed his father in the furrows. When years had given him that strength for which he long wished, he said to his father, ‘ Cease from your labors : ’ and from that time each rising sun has seen him till the ground, sow, plant, and reap the harvest. He has cultivated more than two thousand acres of fresh land. He has planted the vine in all the country round about ; and to him you owe those fruit-trees that nourish your village, and afford you shelter from the sun. It was not avarice that made him unwearied in his labors. No, it was the love of industry, for which he was wont to say man was born ; and the great and sacred belief that God regarded him when cultivating his lands for the nourishment of his children.—

“He married, and had twenty-five children. He formed them all to labor and to virtue, and they have all maintained an unblemished character. He has taken care to marry them properly; and led them with a smiling aspect, to the altar. All his grand-children have been well educated; and you know what a pure unalterable joy dwells upon their countenances.—All these brethren love one another, because he loved them, and made them see what pleasure he found in loving them. On days of rejoicing, he was the first to sound the rural instruments; and his looks, his voice, his gesture, you know, were the signals for universal mirth. You cannot but remember his gaiety, the lively effect of a peaceful mind; and his speeches full of sense and wit—for he had the gift of exercising an ingenious raillery without giving offence.

“He cherished order, from an internal sense he had of virtue. Whom has he ever refused to serve? When did he shew himself unconcerned at public or private misfortunes? When was he indifferent in his country’s cause? His heart was devoted to it; in his conversation he constantly wished for its prosperity.

“When age had bent his body, and his legs trembled under him; you have seen him mount to the summit of a hill, and give lessons of experience to the young husbandmen. His memory was the faithful depository of observations, made during the course of fourscore successive years, on the changes of the several seasons. Such a tree, planted by his hand in such a year, recalled to his memory the favor or the wrath of heaven. He had by heart what other men forget—

the fruitful harvests, the deaths and legacies to the poor. He seemed to be endowed with a prophetic spirit; and when he meditated by the light of the moon, he knew with what seeds to enrich his garden.

"The evening before his death, he said, 'My children, I am drawing nigh to that BEING who is the Author of all good, whom I have always adored, and in whom I trust. To-morrow prune your pear-trees; and at the setting of the sun, bury me at the head of my grounds.' You are now children, going to place him there; and ought to imitate his example. But, before you inter those white hairs, which have so long attracted respect, behold with reverence his hardened hands! Behold the honorable marks of his long labors!"——

The orator then held up one of his cold hands. It had acquired twice the usual size by continual labor, and seemed to be invulnerable to the point of the briar, or the edges of the flint. He then respectfully kissed the hand, and all the company followed his example. His children bore him to the grave, and buried him as he had desired.

Ah! I cried—if those men celebrated by Bossuet, Fletcher, Mascaron, and Neuville, had the hundredth part of the virtue of this villager, I would pardon them their pompous and futile eloquence.

R O S A.



“**W**HAT afflicts you, my good man,” said I.—Alas ! Sir, have you seen my child ?—The person who thus answered me, was a poor blind man, seated on the trunk of a hollow tree, at the foot of which issued a silver spring ; his bald forehead, robbed of its honors by the iron hand of time—his patched wallet, unconscious of the bounties of Ceres ;—the hickory staff, on which he rested his debilitated arm ;—his body, that seemed fainting under the pressure of extreme hunger ;—his sightless eyes, and tremulous voice ;—altogether struck me with a kind of reverential horror.—I looked once more upon the object which had so rivetted my amazement, and thought that Providence had deserted one of her weakest children :—The limped stream, that bubbled at his feet, murmured hoarsely in unison with the language of distress, as if sensible of his accumulated sorrow.

I got off my horse—“ I pray you inform me, my poor old man, have you no one to conduct you to a roof, where plenty might gather joy, by wiping the tear of misery from your furrowed cheek ? ”—“ No one,” answered he, feebly raising his snow-white head. He pronounced these last words in a tone which made me think for a moment, that humanity had abandoned the world.—“ What ! not one, my old friend ; ”—“ Alas ! Sir, my wife and children have all deserted me ; I am poor, old, and blind, yet I must forgive them ; but my daughter, O my daughter ! ” repeated he, with a deep sigh that seemed to escape from the inmost recesses of his heart.—“ Are you speaking of

a favorite child, my old man?" "Ah! good Sir, she is more than a child, she is my *friend*! It was she whom of all my children, I neglected when the rays of prosperity gladdened my younger days; and now, when I am fallen into the vale of years, and laden with horror, she is the only one who will administer comfort to my miseries!"—"When did she leave you?"—"Yesterday, Sir, for the first time."—"You have not surely been unhappy from your youth! you could not have arrived at so advanced an age, if the visitations of sorrow had been continual".—The poor man sighed, and gave me his history in a few words.—“I had labored forty years to amass a few hundred dollars by the sweat of my brow, which I suddenly lost, by the person becoming a bankrupt in whose hands I had entrusted my little capital; the pressure of a misfortune so serious and unexpected, was infinitely too powerful to be resisted by so weak a philosopher as I; even the force of Christianity failed to alleviate the sting of woe. For these ten years past my being has been comfortless (said the poor old man, pointing to the place where his eyes once were); for these ten years past I have been praying for my dissolution: many miserable wretches, who were doomed to wander through the darksome caverns of affliction, have hope at least to strengthen them upon their journey; but my expectations of mortal bliss are over.” “You must not lose sight of hope, my good old man; it is possible you may yet be happy.” “Happy! ah! dear Sir, circumstanced as I am, even to expect such an event were presumption.” “You are not certain, my poor friend, but assistance may be near you in the moment of complaining.” “Assistance! I entreat

you, Sir, mock not my misfortunes ; can the power of kings give me a ray of light ?"—This answer struck me so forcibly, that I immediately turned towards the sun, and could not help uttering a silent prayer of gratitude to the Deity, that I was in possession of so invaluable a gift. He remained silent for a moment, resting his hands upon his staff, and bending his palsied head towards the earth, which seemed, in the melancholy state of my understanding at that period, to call him to her bosom ; then issuing a woe-fraught sigh, continued—"Oh ! my daughter, my dear child ! but for her goodness I should long since have ceased to exist ; when I determined to suppress my being, and die by the slow ministry of hunger—the poor child cries—embraces my nerveless knees—calls me her father—her dear her honored father, in a tone of supplication so persuasive, and so tender, that the influence of desperation yields to the entreaties of an angel ;—and yet—she does not return ;—Ah ! Rosa, wilt thou leave me here to perish without the consolation of a last embrace—without the rapture of bestowing my final blessing on my child ?—O, my God ! dost thou then abandon me !"——

The awful manner in which he uttered these words chilled the very pulses of my heart. I lifted my streaming eyes to heaven, and murmured involuntarily—God of nature ! is it possible thou canst have abandoned him !——The poor man thanked me, and I retired laden with anguish.—I had wandered some distance from the miserable man, when I perceived his daughter ;—I ran to announce the discovery to her father ;—I would not have exchanged the commission to have been sovereign of the world.—His greedy ear

drank the intelligence with rapture, and the good old man was cheered once more with a moment of joy. His daughter arrived out of breath—she had been far away, begging charity for her unhappy father ; I looked at the amiable Rosa with unutterable delight ; I thought her countenance was more than human ; she uttered the sentiments of filial piety in so graceful a manner, that pity, admiration, and respect, at once usurped the government of my bosom.

I felt a delicious emotion in perceiving, with what undescribable tenderness the poor old man and his daughter embraced each other.—Oh ! Rousseau !—Oh ! Yerrick ! if such a scene was to pass near your tombs, would you not burst from the cold monument of death, to celebrate the virtues of the exemplary Rosa !

“ Is it thee my dearest Rosa ;—is it thee ? ” said the aged father, stretching out his withered hands, which seemed to seek the fond object of his regards with sympathetic agency ;—“ where art thou Rosa ? let me press thee to my panting heart ;—you tarried so long, that I almost began to think you had forsaken me. ”—Rosa instantly kissed the trembling forehead of her parent, and wet his silver locks with the tears of affection.

“ I knew, my dear child, I well knew, that thou wouldst return ; come near me, that I may kiss thee once more. ” “ You will never desert this old man again ; but constantly watch by his side, to soften the pangs of affliction. ”—“ Ah ! Sir, ” replied the lovely girl, “ do you not know. ”—“ What, Rosa ? ”—“ that he is my father ! ”—What a sentiment !—could volumes express more !—Ye parents, who boast of educating your children agreeable to the principles of Christianity, bid them read this tale.

FALSE EDUCATION.



Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.

AT the age of twenty-five I succeeded to an estate of 1500l. a year by the death of a father, by whom I was tenderly beloved, and for whose memory I still retain the most sincere regard. Not long after I married a lady, to whom I had for some time been warmly attached. As neither of us were fond of the bustle of the world, and as we found it every day become more irksome, we took the resolution of quitting it altogether; and soon after retired to a family-seat, which has been the favorite residence of my ancestors for many successive generations.

There I passed my days in as perfect happiness as any reasonable man can expect to find in this world. My affection and esteem for my wife increased daily; and as she brought me three fine children, two boys and a girl, their prattle afforded a new fund of amusement. There were, likewise, in our neighbourhood several families that might have adorned any society, with whom we lived on an easy, friendly footing, free from the restraints of ceremony, which, in the great world, may, perhaps, be necessary, but, in private life, are the bane of all social intercourse.

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There is no state, however, entirely free from care and uneasiness. My solicitude about my children increased with their years. My boys, in particular, gave me a thousand anxious thoughts. Many plans of education were proposed for them, of which the advantages and disadvantages were so equally balanced, as to render the choice of any one a matter of no small perplexity.

Meantime the boys grew up ; and the eldest, who was a year older than his brother, had entered his tenth year, when an uncle of my wife, who, by his services in parliament, and an assiduous attendance at court, had obtained a very considerable office under government, honored us with a visit. He seemed much pleased with the looks, the spirit, and promising appearance of my sons ; he paid me many compliments on the occasion, and I listened to him with all the pleasure a fond parent feels in hearing the praises of his children.

After he had been some days with us, he asked me in what manner I proposed to educate the boys, and what my views were as to their establishment in the world ? I told him all my doubts and perplexities. He enlarged on the absurdity of the old fashioned system of education, as he termed it, and talked much of the folly of sending a boy to Eton or Westminster, to waste the most precious years of his life in acquiring languages of little or no real use in the world ; and begged leave to suggest a plan, which, he said, had

been attended with the greatest success in a variety of instances that had fallen within his own particular knowledge.

His scheme was to send my sons for two or three years to a private school in the neighbourhood of London, where they might get rid of their provincial dialect, which, he observed, would be alone sufficient to disappoint all hopes of their future advancement.

He proposed to send them afterwards to an academy at Paris, to acquire the French language, with every other accomplishment necessary to fit them for the world. "When your eldest son," added he, "is thus qualified, it will be easy for me to get him appointed secretary to an embassy; and if he shall then possess those abilities of which he has now every appearance, I make no doubt I shall be able to procure him a seat in parliament; and there will be no office in the state to which he may not aspire. As to your second son, give him the same education you give his brother; and, when he is of a proper age, get him a commission in the army, and push him on in that line as fast as possible."

Though I saw some objections to this scheme, yet, I must confess, the flattering prospect of ambition it opened, had a considerable effect upon my mind; and, as my wife, who had been taught to receive the opinions of her kinsman with the utmost deference, warmly seconded his proposal, I at length, though not with-

out reluctance, gave my assent to it. When the day of departure came, I accompanied my boys part of the way; and, at taking leave of them, felt a pang I then endeavored to conceal, and, which I need not now attempt to describe.

I had the satisfaction to receive, from time to time, the most pleasing accounts of their progress; and after they went to Paris, I was still more and more flattered with what I heard of their improvement.

At length the wished-for period of their return approached: I heard of their arrival in Britain, and that, by a certain day, we might expect to see them at home. We were all impatience: My daughter, in particular, did nothing but count the hours and minutes, and hardly shut her eyes the night preceding the day on which her brothers were expected: Her mother and I, though we shewed it less, felt, I believe, equal anxiety.

When the day came, my girl, who had been constantly on the look-out, ran to tell me she saw a post-chaise driving to the gate. We hurried down to receive the boys. But, judge of my astonishment, when I saw two pale emaciated figures get out of the carriage, in their dress and looks resembling monkies rather than human creatures. What was still worse, their manners were more displeasing than their appearance. When my daughter, ran up, with tears of joy in her eyes, to embrace her brother, he held her from him,

and burst into an immoderate fit of laughter at something in her dress that appeared to him ridiculous. He was joined in the laugh by his younger brother, who was pleased, however, to say, that the girl was not ill-looking, and, when taught to put on her clothes, and to use a little *rouge*, would be tolerable.

Mortified as I was at this impertinence, the partiality of a parent led me to impute it, in a great measure, to the levity of youth ; and I still flattered myself that matters were not so bad as they appeared to be. In these hopes I sat down to dinner. But there the behaviour of the young gentlemen did not, by any means, tend to lessen my chagrin : There was nothing at table they could eat ; they ran out in praise of French cookery, and seemed even to be adepts in the science : They knew the component ingredients of the most fashionable *ragoos* and *fricandeaus*, and were acquainted with the names and characters of the most celebrated practitioners of the art in Paris.

To stop this inundation of absurdity, and at the same time, to try the boys further, I introduced some topics of conversation, on which they ought to have been able to say something. But, on these subjects, they were perfectly mute ; and I could plainly see their silence did not proceed from the modesty and diffidence natural to youth, but from the most perfect and profound ignorance. They soon, however, took their revenge for the restraint thus imposed on them. In their turn they began to talk of things, which, to the rest of the company, were altogether unintelligible. After

some conversation, the drift of which we could not discover, they got into a keen debate on the comparative merit of the *Dos de puce*, and the *Puce en Couches* ; and, in the course of their argument, used words and phrases which to us were equally incomprehensible as the subject on which they were employed. Not long after my poor girl was covered with confusion, on her brother's asking her, If she did not think the *Guisse de la Reine* the prettiest thing in the world ?

But, Sir, I should be happy, were I able to say, that ignorance and folly, bad as they are, were all I had to complain of. I am sorry to add, that my young men seem to have made an equal progress in vice. It was but the other day I happened to observe to the eldest, that it made me uneasy to see his brother look so very ill ; to which he replied, with an air of the most easy indifference, that poor *Charles* had been a little unfortunate in an affair with an Opera-girl at Paris ; but, for my part, added he, I never ran those hazards, as I always confined my amours to women of fashion.

In short, Sir, these unfortunate youths have returned ignorant of every thing they ought to know ; their minds corrupted, and their bodies debilitated, by a course of premature debauchery. I can easily see that I do not possess either their confidence or affection, and they even seem to despise me for the want of those frivolous accomplishments on which they value themselves so highly. In this situation, what is to be done ? Their vanity and conceit make them incapable of listening to reason or advice ; and to use the authority

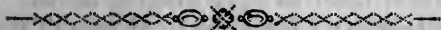
of a parent, would probably be as ineffectual for their improvement, as to me it would be unpleasant.

I have thus, Sir, laid my case before you, in hopes of being favored with your sentiments upon it. Possibly it may be of some benefit to the public, by serving as a beacon to others in similar circumstances. As to myself, I hardly expect you will be able to point out a remedy for that affliction which preys upon the mind, and, in all likelihood, will shorten the days, of

Your unfortunate humble servant,

L. G.

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THE BANKRUPT TRADESMAN.



Beware of Extravagance.

A YOUNG man of good character, sets up in business with a moderate capital, and a good deal of credit; and soon after marries a young woman, with whom he gets a little ready money, and good expectations on the death of a father, mother, uncle, or aunt. In two or three years he finds that his business increases; but his own health, or his wife's, or his child's, makes it necessary for him to take lodgings in the country. Lodgings are soon found to be inconvenient, and for a very small additional ex-

pense he might have a snug little box of his own. A snug little box is taken, repaired, new-modelled, and furnished.

Here he always spends his Sundays, and commonly carries a friend or two with him just to eat a bit of mutton, and to see how comfortably he is situated in the country. Visitors of this sort are not wanting. One is invited because he is a customer, another because he may assist him in his business, a third because he is a relation of his own or of his wife's, a fourth because he is an old acquaintance, and a fifth because he is very entertaining ; besides many who look in accidentally, and are prevailed on to stay to dinner, although they have an engagement some where else.

He now keeps his horses for the sake of exercise ; but as this is a solitary kind of pleasure which his wife cannot share, and as the expense of a whiskey can be but trifling where a horse is already kept, a whiskey is purchased, in which he takes out his wife and his child as often as his time will permit. After all driving a whiskey is but indifferent amusement to sober people ; his wife too is timorous, and ever since she heard of Mrs. Threadneedle's accident, by the stumbling of her horse, will not set her foot in one ; Besides the expense of a horse and whiskey, with what is occasionally spent in coach-hire, falls so little short of what his friend Mr. Harness asks for a job-coach, that it would be ridiculous not to accept of an offer that never may be made him again.

The job-coach is agreed for, and the boy in a plain coat with a red cape to it, that used to clean the knives, wait at table, and look after the horse, becomes a smart footman with a handsome livery. The snug little box is now too small for so large a family. There is a charming house, with a garden, and two or three acres of land, rather farther from London, but delightfully situated, the unexpired lease of which might be had at a great bargain. The premises, to be sure, are somewhat more extensive than he should want, but the house is new, and, for a moderate expense, might be put into most excellent repair.

Hither he removes; hires a gardener, being fond of botany, and supplies his own table with every thing in season, for little more than double the money the same articles would cost if he went to market for them. Every thing about him now seems comfortable; but his friend Harness does not treat him so well as he expected. His horses are often ill matched, and the coachman sometimes even peremptorily refuses to drive them a few miles extraordinary, for why, "he's answerable to his Master for the poor beasts." His expenses, it is true, are as much as he can afford; but having coach-house and stables of his own, with two or three acres of excellent grass, he might certainly keep his own coach and horses for less money than he pays to Harness. A rich relation of his wife's too is dying, and has often promised to leave her something handsome.

The job-coach is discharged, he keeps his own carriage, and his wife is now able to pay and receive many more visits than she could before. Yet he finds by experience, that an airing in a carriage is but a bad substitute for a ride on horseback, in the way of exercise ; he must have a saddle horse ; and subscribes to a neighbouring hunt for his own sake, and to the nearest assemblies for the sake of his wife.

During all this progress, his business has not been neglected ; but his capital, originally small, has never been augmented. His wife's rich relations die one after another, and remember her only by trifling legacies ; his expenses are evidently greater than his income ; and in a very few years, with the best intentions in the world, and wanting no good quality but foresight to avoid, or resolution to retrench expenses which his business cannot support ; his country-house and equipage, assisted by the many good friends who almost constantly dine with him, drive him fairly into the Gazette.

The country-house is let, the equipage is sold, his friends shrug up their shoulders, inquire for how much he has failed, wonder it was not for more, say he was a good creature and an honest creature ; but they always thought it would come to this, pity him from their very souls, hope his creditors will be favorable to him, and go to find dinners elsewhere.

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THE HAPPY MAN



IN all the different schemes mankind pursue,
The end's the same : 'tis *happiness* in view :
For this, the mariner, while breaking waves
Threat instant death, the dang'rous passage braves ;
For this th' astrologer, whole sleepless nights
Fix'd to the tube, explores the starry lights ;
For this, the miser hoards his shining pelf,
And to be *richly* happy starves himself ;
For this, some tread the slip'ry paths of state,
And fancy bliss annex'd to being great ;
Others to diff'rent pleasures give the reins,
While disappointment crowns their fruitless pains.
All are deceiv'd who *here* expect to find
Aught that can satisfy the human mind.

Search thro' the world you'll find their's nothing can
Afford the proper happiness of man,
That Power alone who gave all beings birth :
Who form'd the heavens, and upholds the earth,
Whose word first made, whose mercy still sustains
Those worlds unknown, o'er which his justice reins,
Whose smiles create eternal joy and peace,
Is the true centre of unfading bliss.

That man alone obtains the end desir'd,
Whose bosom with immortal love is fir'd ;

Who follows happiness in virtue's road,
And steadily obeys the will of god ;
Who will by no temptation be betray'd ;
Nor can by fear of punishment be sway'd,
Whose fixt design is stedfastly pursu'd,
To seek his maker as his chiefest good :
Who by God's holy word his way directs,
Watches each word, and every thought inspects ;
Gives up his own to his Creator's mind,
To act, or suffer, is alike resign'd—
This man (of Heaven's protection ever sure)
While thousands fall around, shall stand secure ;
While those who plac'd their happiness below,
Shall wake from dreams of bliss to endless woe.

He shall thro' life be happy, and when death,
In ghastly form, demands his fleeting breath,
Th' expected summons he will gladly hear,
While conscious virtue dissipates his fear ;
Safely he'll venture thro' the darksome way,
The destin'd passage to eternal day ;
And crown'd with glory which shall never fade ;
Enjoy in heaven that God he here obey'd*.

* Hence learn the real christian is the only happy man
on earth.

HOME !



Who would abroad in quest of pleasure roam,
That taste the transports of a happy home !

HOW many sensibilities and tender emotions are excited ! how many poignant reflections may be conveyed, by a single word ! One word may call up a thousand ideas to delight or agonize ; and the most expressive and energetic that language affords, either to sooth or torment, is the syllable—HOME.

He who is blest in his domestic relations, amidst the abstractions of business, and the insults or the ingratitude of a selfish world, consoles himself with the reflection, that he will meet with a recompence for all his toils and disappointments—at home.

He who is engaged in distant occupations, in the pursuit of gain, or in the investigation of science, pleases himself with the hope that he will find some dear deserving connexions to participate his good fortune, or to whom he may impart his knowledge—at home.

While the cup of innocent pleasure invites the taste ; while the charms of society enliven the hour, the moments of reflection are most delightfully filled up in every feeling heart, by the still greater endearments which await it—at home.

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When the storms of life or of the elements overtake us as we are journeying on, though the first may penetrate to the heart, and the latter chill the vital frame, they cannot wholly overcome him who is able to reflect, that he has some to feel for him, or to take care of him—at home.

All the various pursuits in which all mankind, who have any rational aim, are engaged, tend to a single point; and that point is to be happy and beloved—at home.

How wretched then must he be, who, under the pressure of calamity, the tyranny of wrong, and the attacks of disease, has no kind consoler—at home!

How can he struggle with fortune, and not despond! who knows that all his toil, all his care, and all his solicitude, find no grateful recompence—at home?

Wretched is that man, though he may be the object of envy or applause; though the public may hail his name with deserved honor, and call him blest, who feels the vacuity of reciprocal tenderness, and a prison—in his home.

Wretched is that man, who cannot enjoy the friends he loves, or the society in which he delights, nor even his own natural and rational pleasures—at home.

Wretched is that man, who expending health, and renouncing pleasure for the sake of his domestic ties, meets only with the gall of bitterness, and the stings of contumely—at home.

Wretched is that man, whose heart throbs with benevolence for all, whose bosom pants to give and receive felicity in the circle of his duties, who has no congenial mind, no tender friend, no affectionate partner—at home

In fine, as the prime blessings of life, and the most aggravated and irremediable ills, arise from domestic intercourse and relations, of how great importance is it to enter into such associations, and to form such connexions, as are capable of endearing the thoughts of private enjoyment, of calling forth all the finer sensations of the soul, and of blunting the edge of the most oppressive woes—at home.

Happiness depends neither on fortune nor on fame ; it is neither attached to the palace, nor despises the cot ; neither delights in finery, nor spurns at rags ; but is alone to be found or missed, to be enjoyed or lamented, in the retirements, whether splendid or mean, of domestic life, and HOME.



A SUSPICIOUS TEMPER THE SOURCE OF MISERY TO ITS POSSESSOR.



AS a suspicious spirit is the source of many crimes and calamities in the world, so it is the spring of certain misery to the person who indulges it. His friends will be few ; and small will be his comfort in

those whom he possesses. Believing others to be his enemies, he will of course make them such. Let his caution be ever so great, the asperity of his thoughts will often break out in his behaviour ; and in return for suspecting and hating, he will incur suspicion and hatred. Besides the external evils which he draws upon himself, arising from alienated friendship, broken confidence, and open enmity, the suspicious temper itself is one of the worst evils which any man can suffer. If “in all fear there is torment,” how miserable must be his state who, by living in perpetual jealousy, lives in perpetual dread ? Looking upon himself to be surrounded with spies, enemies and designing men, he is a stranger to reliance and trust. He knows not to whom to open himself. He dresses his countenance in forced smiles, while his heart throbs within from apprehensions of secret treachery. Hence fretfulness and ill-humour, disgust at the world, and all the painful sensations of an irritated and embittered mind.

So numerous and great are the evils arising from a suspicious disposition, that, of the two extremes, it is more eligible to expose ourselves to occasional disadvantage from thinking too well of others, than to suffer continual misery by thinking always ill of them. It is better to be sometimes imposed upon, than never to trust. Safety is purchased at too dear a rate, when, in order to secure it, we are obliged to be always clad in armour, and to live in perpetual hostility with our fellows. This is for the sake of living, to deprive ourselves of the comforts of life. The man of candor enjoys his situation, whatever it is, with cheerfulness.

and peace. Prudence directs his intercourse with the world ; but no black suspicions haunt his hours of rest. Accustomed to view the characters of his neighbours in the most favorable light, he is like one who dwells amidst those beautiful scenes of nature, on which the eye rests with pleasure. Whereas the suspicious man, having his imagination filled with all the shocking forms of human falsehood, deceit, and treachery, resembles the traveller in the wilderness, who discerns no objects around him but such as are either dreary or terrible ; caverns that open, serpents that hiss, and beasts of prey that howl.

Amor



ON THE VANITY OF SOME MEN'S WISHES AND PRAYERS.



When to Almighty Jove our prayers we move,
May virtue guide, and heaven our suit approve.

MENNIPUS, the philosopher, was a second time taken up into heaven by Jupiter, when, for his entertainment, he lifted up a trap-door that was placed by his footstool. At its rising there issued through it such a din of cries as astonished the philosopher. Upon his asking what they meant, Jupiter told him they were the prayers that were sent up to him from the earth. Mennipus, amidst the confusion of voices, which was so great that nothing less than

the ear of Jove could distinguish them, heard the words riches, honor, long life, repeated in several different tones and languages. When the first hubbub of sounds was over, the trap-door being left open, the voices came up more separate and distinct.

The first prayer was a very odd one ; it came from Athens, and desired Jupiter to increase the wisdom and the beard of his humble suppliant. Mennipus knew it, by the voice, to be the prayer of his friend Lycander, the philosopher. This was succeeded by the petition of one who had just laden a ship, and promised Jupiter, if he took care of it, and returned it home again full of riches, he would make him an offering of a silver cup. Jupiter thanked him for nothing ; and bending down his ear more attentively than ordinary, heard a voice complaining to him of the cruelty of an Ephesian widow, and begging him to breed compassion in her heart ; this, says Jupiter, is a very honest fellow. I have received a great deal of incense from him ; I will not be so cruel to him as to hear his prayers. He was then interrupted with a whole volley of vows, which were made for the health of a tyrannical prince by his subjects, who prayed for him in his presence. Mennipus was surprised, after having listened to prayers offered up with so much ardor and devotion, to hear low whispers from the same assembly, expostulating with Jove for suffering such a tyrant to live, and asking how his thunder could lie idle ? Jupiter was so offended at these prevaricating rascals, that he took down the first vows, and puffed away the last.

The philosopher, seeing a great cloud mounting upwards, and making its way directly to the trap-door, inquired of Jupiter what it meant. This, says Jupiter, is the smoke of a whole hecatomb that is offered me by the general of an army, who is very importunate with me to let him cut off an hundred thousand men that are drawn up in array against him : what does the impudent wretch think I see in him, to believe that I will make a sacrifice of so many mortals as good as himself, and all this to his glory, for sooth ?—But hark, says Jupiter, there is a voice I never heard but in time of danger ; it is a rogue that is shipwrecked in the *Ionian Sea* : I saved him upon a plank but three days ago, upon his promise to mend his manners ; the scoundrel is not worth a groat, and yet has the impudence to offer me a temple if I will keep him from sinking. But yonder, says he, is a special youth for you ; he desires me to take his father, who keeps a great estate from him, out of the miseries of human life. The old fellow shall live till he make his heart ache, I can tell him that for his pains. This was followed by the soft voice of a pious lady, desiring Jupiter that she might appear amiable and charming in the sight of her Emperor.

As the philosopher was reflecting on this extraordinary petition, there blew a gentle wind through the trap-door, which he at first mistook for a gale of zephyrs, but afterwards found it to be a breeze of sighs : they smelt strong of flowers and incense, and were succeeded by most passionate complaints of

wounds and torment, fire and arrows, cruelty, despair, and death. Mennipus fancied that such lamentable cries arose from some general execution, or from wretches lying under the torture; but Jupiter told him, they came to him from the isle of Paphos, and that he every day received complaints of the same nature from that whimsical tribe of mortals who are called Lovers. I am so trifled with, says he by this generation of both sexes, and find it so impossible to please them, whether I grant or refuse their petitions, that I shall order a western wind for the future to intercept them in their passage, and blow them at random upon the earth.

The last petition I heard was from a very aged man, near a hundred years old, begging but for one year more of life, and then promised to die contented. This is the rarest old fellow, says Jupiter; he has made this prayer to me for above twenty years together. When he was but fifty years old he desired only that he might live to see his son settled in the world; I granted it. He then begged the same favor for his daughter, and afterwards that he might see the education of a grandson. When all this was brought about, he put up a petition that he might live to finish a house he was building. In short, he is an unreasonable old cur, and never wants an excuse; I will hear no more of him, Upon which he flung down the trap-door in a passion, and was resolved to give no more audience that day.

Notwithstanding the levity of this fable, the morality of it very well deserves our attention. The vanity of men's wishes, which are the natural prayers of the mind, as well as many of those secret devotions which they offer up to the Supreme Being, are sufficiently exposed by it. Among other reasons for set forms of prayer, I have often thought it a very good one, that by this means the folly and extravagance of men's desires may be kept within due bounds, and not break out in absurd and ridiculous petitions on so great and solemn an occasion.



ON GHOSTS AND APPARITIONS.



When apparitions fill the mind,
The soul's unnerv'd and reason's blind.

I REMEMBER last winter there were several young girls of the neighbourhood sitting about the fire with my landlady's daughters, and telling stories of spirits and apparitions. Upon my opening the door, the young women broke off their discourse: but my landlady's daughter telling them that it was nobody but the gentleman, (for that is the name I go by in the neighbourhood, as well as in the family) they went on without minding me. I seated myself by the candle that stood on a table at one end of the room;

and pretending to read a book that I took out of my pocket, heard several dreadful stories of ghosts as pale as ashes that had stood at the foot of a bed, or walked over a church-yard by moonlight ; and of others that had been conjured into the *Red-Sea*, for disturbing people's rest, and drawing their curtains at midnight ; with many other old women's fables of the like nature. As one spirit raised another, I observed that at the end of every story the whole company closed their ranks, and crowded about the fire. I took notice, in particular, of a little boy, who was so attentive to every story, that I am mistaken if he ventures to go to bed by himself these twelve months. Indeed they talked so long, that the imaginations of the whole assembly were manifestly crazed, and I am sure will be the worse for it as long as they live, I heard one of the girls, that had looked upon me over her shoulder, asking the company how long I had been in the room, and whether I did not look paler than I used to do. This put me under some apprehensions that I should be forced to explain myself, if I did not retire ; for which reason I took the candle in my hand, and went up into my chamber, not without wondering at this unaccountable weakness in reasonable creatures, that they should love to astonish and terrify one another. Were I a father, I should take particular care to preserve my children from these little horrors of imagination which they are apt to contract when they are young, and are not able to shake off when they are in years. I have known a soldier that has entered a breach, affrighted at his own shadow, and look pale at a little scratching at his door, who the day before had marched up against a battery

of cannon. There are instances of persons who have been terrified even to distraction at the figure of a tree, or the shaking of a bull-rush. The truth of it is, I look upon a sound imagination as the greatest blessing of life, next to a clear judgment and a good conscience. In the mean time, since there are very few whose minds are not more or less subject to these dreadful thoughts and apprehensions, we ought to arm ourselves against them by the dictates of reason and religion, *to pull the old woman out of our hearts*, and extinguish those impertinent notions which we imbibed at a time when we were not able to judge of their absurdity.



TO BEGIN NOTHING OF WHICH YOU HAVE NOT
WELL CONSIDERED THE END.



Think well, ere you resolve; weigh each event,
Lest, when too late, in sorrow you repent.

A CERTAIN *Cham* of *Tartary* going a progress with his nobles, was met by a Dervise, who cried with a loud voice, *Whoever will give me an hundred pieces of gold, I will give him a piece of advice.* The *Cham* ordered him the sum : upon which the Dervise said, *Begin nothing of which thou hast not well considered the end.*

The courtiers, upon hearing this plain sentence, smiled, and said with a sneer, " The Dervise is well paid

for his maxim." But the King was so well satisfied with the answer, that he ordered it to be written in golden letters in several places of his palace, and engraved on all his plate. Not long after, the King's surgeon was bribed to kill him with a poisoned lancet at the time he let him blood. One day, when the King's arm was bound, and the fatal lancet in the surgeon's hand, he read on the bason, *Begin nothing of which thou hast not well considered the end.*—He immediately started, and let the lancet fall out of his hand. The King observed his confusion, and inquired the reason: the surgeon fell prostrate, confessed the whole affair, and was pardoned, and the conspirators died. The *Cham* turned to his courtiers who heard the advice with contempt, told them, "That counsel could not be too much valued which had saved a King's life."



ADVENTURES OF A FAMILY BIBLE.



PART I.

VARIOUS have been the adventures of beings and things, not more important than myself, which have been obtruded on the public; and therefore I hope my story will be heard with patience: it shall be as concise as possible—embellishment would ill become me.

I was produced to light in the reign of James I. and being a new translation of an excellent original work,

which without boasting I may say is of divine authority, I was soon received into a worthy family, consisting of a venerable couple, and two sons and a daughter. The old people used to make their children read me every Sunday, and at other times, when they could find leisure. Their own eyes began to fail them; but they constantly listened to me, and commented to their family on my beauties, and enforced the observance of my unerring precepts.

In this society I was much valued. I was handsomely bound, and ornamented with silver clasps. The names and ages of the young people were inscribed in my front: I was indeed the depository of the family secrets; and when the father died, he left me to his only daughter.

She had then reached the twentieth year of her age. For some time after the loss of her parent, she referred to me for consolation; but, alas! impressions of sorrow are soon effaced from the youthful heart. Her's gave place to a new favorite. An officer in the army paid his addresses to her: they were soon married; and though I was not discarded from the house, for more than twelve years my clasps were scarcely opened.

The war breaking out between Charles and his parliament, the husband of my owner was called on duty. He fought for his King, and fell at the battle of Edgehill. My mistress was inconsolable for his loss; and began to think of me. Once more I assisted in drying her tears. I told her they would meet again. This

hope was balm to her wounded spirit—She kissed me with rapture ; and during the remainder of her life took me for her instructor and guide.

It happened, that in the succeeding interval of confusion, the property of my first possessor's family came into dispute. The register of a birth was wanting to complete the title ; and in the reign of Charles II. I was fortunately thought of as being likely to afford some family records.—I was brought into a court of justice, where I am seldom quoted, though often kissed. My evidence was admitted—and I felt happy in being instrumental in serving the descendants of my first master.

For some time after I knew not what became of me. I was so little used that I fell into a trance : when I recovered, I found myself in the hands of a puritan ; from whom I learned, that none of my brethren had been much in vogue for many years ; that something called HUDIBRAS had been more esteemed ; and my present master talked of nothing but the profanation that had been offered me, and the indignities I had undergone. He, indeed, did not give me leave to sleep ; I was constantly on his table ; and being a preacher, he took me every Sunday up into the pulpit with him, and beat me with violence against the cushion. At this period, I certainly received a great share of external homage ; but from some things I observed in private, I had reason to conclude that my advice was much more talked of than valued—for I am of no sect ; but the friend, the comforter of all.

Had not my frame been strong, the puritan would have, perhaps, been my last master ; but I stood his rough usage without much injury ; and as I knew he did not mean to hurt me, I neither murmured nor complained. Many have been killed with kindness ; but it is so pleasant a kind of death, that few would refuse it.

Here I must pause for breath ; and if you wish to hear me I will resume my story.



ADVENTURES OF A FAMILY BIBLE.



PART II.

AT the decease of the puritan, I was put up to sale in a lot with *Thomas Aquinas*, and some manuscripts against Popery. A Jesuit casting his eye on my companions wished to be the purchaser, that he might have an opportunity of destroying the *impious* and *heretical* writings that opposed the holy See. The poor manuscripts had no quarter—they were immediately committed to the flames ; and English being little short of heresy, in my new master's opinion, I believe I was saved rather out of regard to my binding than my contents. *Thomas Aquinas*, however, was treated with great distinction ; and for the first time I found, that the works of man were more valued than those of his Maker. I had some hopes that I might have been able to infuse a spark of Christian

charity into the Jesuit's heart ; but the authority of the church, in his sight, was more imperative than that on which it is pretended to be founded. I was at best neglected, till a young fellow who occasionally used to dispute with my owner against Religion in general, taking a fancy to my exterior, and understanding no language save that in which I was printed, received me as a present—probably in the hopes that I might have a chance of converting him to Christianity—and then the Jesuit might with more facility give him *his* impression of it.

Alas ! in the hands of this new and reprobate master, I experienced not only neglect but insult. I was never opened, but to be turned into ridicule among his free-thinking companions ; but as free-thinking generally leads to free-action—drunkenness, and every species of debauchery, soon set me free from the tyranny of this impious possessor—He early fell a martyr to his irregularities ; and in his last moments seemed to wish to shew me some marks of his contrition ; but found time too short to be satisfied of my celestial comforts.

His mother was a worthy old woman ; and as I had belonged to a favorite, though an ungracious son, she was vastly fond of me, as a relict : but I must do her the justice to say, that she lived according to my rules ; and left the world in peace ; firmly relying on the prospects which I held out in another state.

From this old lady, I passed into the hands of her

waiting-maid, with a strict injunction to attend to me, and to be a good girl. For some weeks I was not a little caressed : wherever love or marriage was mentioned, I was sure to be read ; and I was indeed consulted as an oracle in all that relates to what this world calls pleasures. It was soon found, however, that I gave no sanction to the irregular fallies of the heart, to a perverse disposition, or a deceitful conduct ; and therefore I soon ceased to please. The last and lowest vice that can degrade woman—a propensity to tippling, in a short space made it convenient for Abigail to pawn me. I was wrapped up in a petticoat ; and, together, we were received as pledges for a guinea. A commentator on the scriptures, many months after, passing the shop where I lay unredeemed, turned his attention towards me : I appeared of a size fit for his purpose, and was bought a great bargain.

None of those who had hitherto used me had thought of foiling me ; but I was now filled with marginal notes and explanations. My light was frequently turned into darkness ; and those expressions which the most ignorant might have understood, were lost in a cloud of erudition, and tortured into meanings which even the wisest could not have comprehended. How ridiculous is the pride of human learning when applied to biblical illustration ! Can it be supposed that my divine Author would have left any doubt or difficulty in his own injunctions ; or given a chance to none but the learned to understand what he has commanded all to practise ?

During some years it was the chief pursuit of this learned gentleman to study me, and confound my meaning; or what was worse, to wrest it to his own pre-conceived opinions. He was, however, conscientious in what he did: he was blinded by his own imaginary sagacity—and as a monument of his labors, bequeathed me, at his death, to the college library to which he had formerly belonged.

I was admitted here with great formality—was deposited in a fine latticed case, among many of my brethren; and for some time was occasionally consulted: but novelty wearing off, and my commentator's hand, by the lapse of years, and the different form of writing, becoming too cramp to be easily made out—for the last hundred years I have seldom been opened. The dust, indeed, is annually brushed off; at the visitation of the library, I am sometimes reported as full of old-fashioned comments; but few have the curiosity to examine them.

From this asylum I have neither wish or hope of being liberated: I trust I have already done my duty, and have made some persons better and wiser in affairs of everlasting importance—and if my history should fail to amuse or instruct, I shall feel neither mortification or anger.

The prejudices of men it was never my intention to gratify, nor to flatter their passions; but happy are they, who entering into my benevolent views, lay hold on my eternal rewards.

OMNISCIENCE AND OMNIPRESENCE OF THE
DEITY, THE SOURCE OF CONSOLATION
TO GOOD MEN.



I WAS yesterday, about sun-set, walking in the open fields, till the night insensibly fell upon me. I at first amused myself with all the richness and variety of colors, which appeared in the western parts of heaven. In proportion as they faded away and went out, several stars and planets appeared one after another, till the whole firmament was in a glow. The blueness of the ether was exceedingly heightened and enlivened, by the season of the year, and the rays of all those luminaries that passed through it. The galaxy appeared in its most beautiful white. To complete the scene, the full-moon rose, at length, in that clouded majesty, which Milton takes notice of ; and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely shaded, and disposed among softer lights, than that which the sun had before discovered to us.

As I was surveying the moon walking in her brightness, and taking her progress among the constellations, a thought arose in me, which I believe very often perplexes and disturbs men of serious and contemplative natures. David himself fell into it in that reflection ; “ When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers ; the moon and stars which thou hast ordained ; what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son

of man that thou regardest him !” In the same manner, when I considered that infinite host of stars, or, to speak more philosophically, of suns, which were then shining upon me ; with those innumerable sets of planets or worlds, which were moving round their respective suns ; when I still enlarged the idea, and supposed another heaven of suns and worlds, rising still above this which we discovered ; and these still enlightened by a superior firmament of luminaries, which are planted at so great a distance, that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former, as the stars do to us ; in short, while I pursued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little insignificant figure, which I myself bore amidst the immensity of God’s works.

Were the sun, which enlightens this part of the creation, with all the host of planetary worlds that move about him, utterly extinguished and annihilated, they would not be missed, more than a grain of sand upon the sea-shore. The space they possess is so exceedingly little in comparison of the whole, it would scarcely make a blank in the creation. The chasm would be imperceptible to an eye, that could take in the whole compass of nature, and pass from one end of the creation to the other ; as it is possible there may be such a sense in ourselves hereafter, or in creatures which are at present more exalted than ourselves. By the help of glasses, we see many stars, which we do not discover with our naked eyes ; and the finer our telescopes are, the more still are our discoveries.— Huygenius carries this thought so far, that he does not

think it impossible there may be stars, whose light has not yet travelled down to us, since their first creation. There is no question that the universe has certain bounds set to it; but when we consider that it is the work of infinite Power, prompted by infinite Goodness, with an infinite space to exert itself in, how can our imagination set any bounds to it?

To return, therefore, to my first thought, I could not but look upon myself with secret horror, as a being that was not worth the smallest regard of one who had so great a work under his care and superintendency. I was afraid of being overlooked amidst the immensity of nature; and lost among that infinite variety of creatures, which, in all probability, swarm through all these immeasurable regions of matter.

In order to recover myself from this mortifying thought, I considered that it took its rise from those narrow conceptions, which we are apt to entertain of the Divine nature. We ourselves cannot attend to many different objects at the same time. If we are careful to inspect some things, we must of course neglect others. This imperfection which we observe in ourselves, is an imperfection that cleaves, in some degree, to creatures of the highest capacities, as they are creatures, that is, beings of finite and limited natures. The presence of every created being is confined to a certain measure of space; and consequently his observation is stinted to a certain number of objects. The sphere in which we move, and act, and understand, is of a wider circumference to one creature, than another.

er, according as we rise one above another in the scale of existence. But the widest of these our spheres has its circumference. When, therefore, we reflect on the Divine nature, we are so used and accustomed to this imperfection in ourselves, that we cannot forbear, in some measure, ascribing it to HIM, in whom there is no shadow of imperfection. Our reason indeed assures us, that his attributes are infinite ; but the poorness of our conceptions is such, that it cannot forbear setting bounds to every thing it contemplates, till our reason comes again to our succor, and throws down all those little prejudices, which rise in us unawares, and are natural to the mind of man.

We shall therefore utterly extinguish this melancholy thought, of our being overlooked by our Maker, in the multiplicity of his works, and the infinity of those objects among which he seems to be incessantly employed, if we consider in the first place, that he is omnipresent ; and in the second, that he is omniscient.

If we consider him in his omnipresence, his being passes through, actuates, and supports, the whole frame of nature. His creation, and every part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made, that is either so distant, so little or so inconsiderable, which he does not essentially inhabit. His substance is within the substance of every being, whether material or immaterial, and as intimately present to it, as that being is to itself. It would be an imperfection in him, were he able to move out of one place into another ; or to withdraw himself from any thing he has created, or

from any part of that space which he diffused and spread abroad to infinity. In short, to speak of him in the language of the old philosophers, he is a being whose centre is every where, and his circumference no where.

In the second place, he is omniscient as well as omnipresent. His omniscience indeed necessarily and naturally flows from his omnipresence. He cannot but be conscious of every motion that arises in the whole material world, which he thus essentially pervades; and of every thought that is stirring in the intellectual world, to every part of which he is thus intimately united. Were the soul separate from the body, and with one glance of thought should start beyond the bounds of the creation; should it, for millions of years, continue its progress through infinite space, with the same activity, it would still find itself within the embrace of its Creator, and encompassed by the immensity of the Godhead.

In this consideration of the Almighty's omnipresence and omniscience, every uncomfortable thought vanishes. He cannot but regard every thing that has being, especially such of his creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their thoughts, and to that anxiety of heart in particular, which is apt to trouble them on this occasion; for, as it is impossible he should overlook any of his creatures, so we may be confident that he regards, with an eye of mercy, those who endeavor to recommend themselves to his notice; and, in unfeigned humility of heart, think themselves unworthy that he should be mindful of them.

THE CREATOR'S WORKS ATTEST HIS
GREATNESS.



THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim :
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to ev'ry land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And, nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth :
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball !

What tho' no real voice nor sound,
Amid the radiant orbs be found :

In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,

" The hand that made us is divine."

ON AERIAL CASTLE-BUILDING.

He dreams of riches, grandeur, and a crown.

He wakes, and finds himself a simple clown.



ALNASCHAR was a very idle fellow, that never would set his hand to any business during his father's life. When his father died, he left him to the value of an hundred drachmas in *Persian* money. *Alnaschar*, in order to make the best of it, laid it out in glasses, bottles, and the finest earthen ware. These he piled up in a large open basket, and having made choice of a very little shop, placed the basket at his feet, and leaned his back against the wall, in expectation of customers. As he sat in this posture, with his eyes upon the basket, he fell into a most amusing train of thought, and was overheard by one of his neighbours, as he talked to himself, in the following manner: "This basket, says he, cost me at the wholesale merchant's an hundred drachmas, which is all I have in the world. I shall quickly make two hundred of it, by selling it in retail. These two hundred drachmas will in a very little time rise to four hundred, which of course will amount in time to four thousand. Four thousand drachmas cannot fail of making eight thousand.

As soon as by this means I am master of ten thousand, I will lay aside my trade as a glassman, and turn

jeweller. I shall then deal in diamonds, pearls, and all sorts of rich stones. When I have got together as much wealth as I can desire, I will make a purchase of the finest house I can find, with lands, slaves, eunuchs and horses. I shall then begin to enjoy myself, and make a noise in the world. I will not, however, stop there, but continue my traffic till I have got together an hundred thousand drachmas. When I have thus made myself master of an hundred thousand drachmas, I shall naturally set myself on the foot of a prince, and will demand the Grand Vizier's daughter in marriage, after having represented to that minister the information which I have received of the beauty, wit, discretion, and other high qualities which his daughter possesses. I will let him know, at the same time, that it is my intention to make him a present of a thousand pieces of gold on our marriage night. As soon as I have married the Grand Vizier's daughter, I will buy her ten black eunuchs, the youngest and best that can be got for money. I must afterwards make my father-in-law a visit with a great train and equipage. And when I am placed at his right hand, which he will do in course, if it be only to honor his daughter, I will give him the thousand pieces of gold which I promised him; and afterwards to his great surprise, I will present him with another purse of the same value, with some short speech; as, *Sir, you see I am a man of my word, I always give more than I promise.*

“When I have brought the princess to my house, I shall take particular care to breed in her a due respect for me, before I give the reins to love and dalliance.

To this end I shall confine her to her own apartment, make her a short visit, and talk but little to her. Her women will represent to me that she is inconsolable by reason of my unkindness, and beg me with tears to caress her, and let her sit down by me; but I will still remain inexorable, and will turn my back upon her all the first night. Her mother will then come and bring her daughter to me, as I am seated on my sofa. The daughter, with tears in her eyes, will fling herself at my feet, and beg of me to receive her into my favor. Then will I, to imprint in her a thorough veneration for my person, draw up my leg, and spurn her from me with my foot in such a manner, that she shall fall down several paces from the sofa."

Alnaschar was entirely swallowed up in this chimerical vision, and could not forbear acting with his foot what he had in his thoughts: so that unluckily striking his basket of brittle ware, which was the foundation of all his grandeur, he kicked his glasses to a great distance from him into the street, and broke them into ten thousand pieces.

This is a humorous ridicule upon the foolish vanity of building castles in the air, and idly wasting that time in empty flattering schemes, which might have been usefully employed in attending our proper business.

THE ABSENT MAN.



MR. THOUGHTFUL, having devoted his early days to study, became literally so wrapt up with his ideas as to be frequently insensible of what was said or doing. His answers have been often incoherent and strange; his actions equally wonderful and unaccountable. His father soon repented of having left him so long at college; or suffered him, when young, to apply his mind incessantly to learning: for, that

“A little knowledge is a dangerous thing,”

is the assertion of a much-admired poet, who consequently exhorts all votaries to learning,

“To drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.”

But here is a sad proof that a man may drink too deep, or indeed so deep as to intoxicate his brain, and become as stupid and disagreeable as one that is totally ignorant.

The father was now determined to provide a wife for his son—in hopes that a woman might rouse him from his lethargy—might awaken him from this profound stupor; and by amusing his perplexing thoughts, give him some life and animation.

The father, according to his design, having fixed his eye upon a young lady in the neighbourhood, watched an opportunity of hinting the matter to his son.

Young Thoughtful, who had been now sent by the housekeeper to desire to know how his father wished the goose to be dressed—appeared in a very musing posture :

“ I am come,” says the son, “ to ask you——” here he paused, and began to think on what he had come about.

“ I find,” cried his father, “ that I must provide somebody to sharpen your memory—what think you of a wife, Charles? perhaps she may quicken your recollection.”

“ A wife ! A woman !”——

“ Aye, a fine young girl.”

“ Otway, I think, was divided in *his* opinion ; —in one of his plays he says “ We would be brutes without her ;” —in another, he calls her “ the fountain of all human frailty ;” —for my part I must agree with Solon”——

“ Plague on Solon, he is not *my* son ; I want to know if a wife is agreeable—now tell me immediately—what do you say? a wife is a good dish, boy, for your nice appetites—you are not afraid of matrimony; hey !—sure it would be impossible for any woman to make a goose of such a sober, wife, young man.”

“ A goose !——” the son recollected the dinner, and begged to know how he wished it to be dressed.

This being foreign to the subject, provoked the father, and he answered him both peevishly and harshly—“ with sage and onions.” He then resumed his

subject, and with some difficulty procured his acquiescence. The old man was highly delighted with having so far succeeded, and gave him a twenty pound bill to buy cloaths for the occasion—recommending a suit of white and silver, it being, in his opinion, the fittest to celebrate a wedding, and the most becoming for a bridegroom.

“But,” exclaimed the father, “how would you wish to be dressed?”

The son started—looked foolish—coughed—and cried, “eh!”

“How would you wish to be dressed?”

A long pause now. At last, the son echoing “dressed,” and the father answered “yes,” he replied, “oh, father as you do—as you do, father—*with sage and onions.*”

The old gentleman was exasperated at this reply, and was obliged to repeat all he had said before, for the better comprehension of his son. At last, having, as he thought, recovered his recollection, he now left him in a greater labyrinth than ever.

When alone, the wife entered into his head, and seemed to afford him some temporary pleasure. He intended to go and see her. The housekeeper met him and begged to know how the goose was to be dressed.

“Dressed, oh, in white and silver; that’s my father’s wish.”

He now went out, but forgetting his hat, was obliged to return; then anxious to see a friend of his, who was a student at Cambridge; he wrote a few lines—

folded up the letter to put in the Post-Office, but forgot to seal it.—Then thinking of his mistress, he directed the letter to her, instead of his friend. Away he goes—first directing his steps to the Post-Office, and when half way—turning back to see his mistress—then backwards and forwards ; —once indeed he went a mile beyond his mistress' house ;—then returning in a great hurry, forgot to stop where she lived. At last he reached the Post-Office, merely by chance—the letter box reminded him of his intention ; but instead of throwing in the letter, he threw in the twenty pound bill, which was to purchase him cloaths ; then bending his course again to his mistress' house, he was stopped by a beggar woman, who craved charity ; the young man stopped too, and informed her it was past two o'clock : thus did he run about, without answering any purpose, or doing the least good.

By means of the father, indeed, the marriage took place ; yet, the bridegroom was so absent, that he made a very *mal-a-propos* reply to the chaplain, during the ceremony. They all came home to Mr. Thoughtful's house : the old gentleman gave up his chamber to the bride and bridegroom, but the young gentleman forgetting this, happened unfortunately to go to his own bed, and the poor bride was entirely forsaken. The father brought his absent son to a recollection of his duty ; he arose and dressed himself, but forgetting the most material part of his covering, made such an awkward appearance before his fair one, as shocked her not a little.

We are not at liberty to proceed in the mistakes of this absent man. Suffice it to say, that his wife in due time recalled his recollection, and young Thoughtful became more consistent.



SINGULAR MEMOIRS OF PAT. O'CONNOR.



PAT. O'Connor, who never boasted of his family, as they had been all buried in obscurity, having experienced the many heart-aches of being out of employ, and sometimes the many bellyfulls of being in a good service, after this round of ups and downs, at last engaged himself with an English gentleman at Cork, who was now about leaving Ireland. The thoughts of quitting the dear land of saints, operated very much upon the heart of our hero, and sorrow becoming dry, he applied himself frequently to a good glass of whiskey, which shortly removed his grief.

The day for departure came—Pat. took leave of his friends and country; while his conjectures on his new master engaged his present thoughts.

He soon became acquainted with London, as well as the intrigues and roguery of his employer, who having been the son of a late respectable citizen, tho't he could never spend a small sum that had been left him too soon or extravagantly.

A young lady near Windsor having attracted his notice, he was resolved, in his general phrase, to have

her, notwithstanding she had already testified her disapprobation of his addresses, as well as her dislike to his person: this, however, instead of discouraging, provoked our volatile youth, to meditate a design of ruining her; for, though his partiality for ladies was great, yet marriage seldom entered his head.

Her uncle, with whom she lived, being a strange character, that received the company of every one who boasted of his parentage and lineage, he deemed it an easy task to ingratiate himself in his favor; to accomplish this, however, he dared not acknowledge himself the son of a citizen, as that would totally mar his designs, and defeat his purpose with the old gentleman—He was therefore resolved to dress up Pat. O'Connor in great style, and introduce him as an Irish baronet, being his supposed uncle, whom he intended to instruct, and enable to puff off his unknown family. The project delighted poor Pat. who was highly pleased with the thoughts of becoming a gentleman. He promised to expatiate upon the excellence of his birth, and inform this uncle of the large estate which he would give him. The day was accordingly fixed—An appointment made with Mr. Primstiff, and Pat. was introduced as a man of consequence and fortune.

The mock hero now strutted about with assumed state and airs—the old gentleman, on account of his supposed rank, received him with the greatest cordiality, and begged to know who the young gentleman's father was.

“Why my brother,” cries Pat. “my brother, do ye see—was a very good sort of a gentleman, but not al-

together as handsome as me.”—“And, pray Sir, what fortune do you intend to give your nephew?”

“What fortune—why faith and troth, honey, it’s hard for me to say when I don’t know the extent of it myself.”—

“Is it in lands, Sir?”

“Lands—oh, aye—it’s in the *coomb*—the *Pottlehole*—I’ll give him a bit of the *liberty*—a scrap or two of *Meath-street*—a few yards of *Dannybrook*, and”—

“Why, Sir, I never heard of such estates.”

“No—then you were never in sweet Dublin.”

“I have heard many expatiate upon its beauties; indeed, from the travellers’ account, one may be apt to think it was the promised land, that overflowed with milk and honey.”

“Milk and honey!” exclaims Pat. “Oh! honey, oh! that’s a singular union indeed—why you mean *milk and potatoes*, you fool!”

The familiarity of names did not agree with the family pride of the old gentleman; of course a quarrel ensued; Pat. swearing by St. Patrick he was as good as he; and, in order to prove it, called out for his master.—

The sound of *master* alarmed the old gentleman, but it did not in the least confound Pat. who recollecting himself, put it off with—“Why, aye, did not I tell you I would make him master of the *Coomb* and *Pottlehole*?”

The master appeared, and as his servant was generally going beyond bounds, he applied a fly pinch in order to remind him of his duty—Pat. gave a sudden roar, and swore in a terrible manner, if he did that again he would divulge all.

“All what?” cries the uncle.

“Why what’s that to you?” rejoins Pat. “must you know every thing, you old rogue?”

“Rogue!—Sir, consider my family.”——

It was with the greatest difficulty the young gentleman could restore peace and harmony, which at last he did, by assuring him that in his country, Rogue was an appellation of honor.

“Oh yes,” exclaims Pat. “we gentlemen are all rogues—but search the world through, there are not more honest rogues than the sons of Tipperary.”

The last scheme was to deceive the young lady—Pat. was informed, that he must personate a chaplain, in order to give a mock ceremony, that Miss might be deluded by a supposed private marriage. Our Irish hero was left alone to consider, and seeing the young lady at a distance, flew to meet her, and discovered the whole design.

“He wants to make a gentleman in black of me, honey, but may the black gentleman seize me, if I wrong so much innocence.”——

By this honest confession, the young lady’s honor was preserved—in token of her gratitude she persuaded

ed her guardian uncle to take Pat. (who was accordingly dismissed by his master) into his service, which place our son of Tipperary still retains, being honored by all his fellow-servants, both for his *birth* and *lineage*.



AN ODD WAY OF BARGAINING FOR A WIFE.



MERCATOR, who went originally from London, acquired a fortune in the island of Jamaica; he concluded with himself he could not be happy in the enjoyment of it, unless he shared it with a woman of merit; none of his acquaintance in the female line suited his inclination, he therefore determined to write for one to his correspondent in London, through whose means he had obtained his fortune and consequence. As he had been so much versed in mercantile matters, the stile of writing usual in that way of business still adhered to him, therefore treating of love as he did of business, after giving his correspondent many commissions, he reserved the following for the last, viz.

“ Seeing that I have taken a resolution to marry, and that I do not find a suitable match for me here, do not fail to send me by the next ship bound hither, a young woman of the qualification and form following: as for a portion, I demand none; let her be of an honest family, between 20 and 25 years of age, of a middle stature, and well proportioned; her face agreeable, her temper mild, her character blameless,

her health good, and her constitution strong enough to bear the change of the climate, that there may be no occasion to look out for a second through lack of the first, soon after she comes to hand; which must be provided against as much as possible, considering the great distance and the dangers of the sea. If she arrives, and conditioned as abovesaid, with the letter indorsed by you, or at least an attested copy thereof, that there may be no mistake or imposition, I hereby oblige and engage myself to satisfy the said letter, by marrying the bearer at 15 days sight. In witness whereof I subscribe this, &c."

The London correspondent read over and over this odd commission, which put the future spouse on the same footing with the bales of goods he was to send his friend. He nevertheless complied with this extraordinary demand, and fixed his eyes upon a young person of a reputable family, but no fortune, of good humor, who had received a polite education, very well made, and more than tolerably handsome. The young lady received the proposal, as she had no subsistence but from a pettish old aunt. Equipped with necessaries for the voyage, an extract of the parish register, a certificate of her character signed by the curate, a corroborating attestation of her neighbours, and the following article in the invoice, she set sail in the same ship with the other commissioned goods:—"Item, a maid of 21 years of age, of the quality, shape, and condition as per order; as appears by the affidavits and certificates she has to produce."

The goodness of her constitution was likewise certified by four eminent physicians. Letters of advice were sent previous to her departure, so that Mercator was in full expectation of her arrival. He was on the lookout when the ship arrived, was charmed with her distinguished beauty, and enquired if she was the lady recommended by his friend. She produced his own letter, with this endorsement, "The bearer of this is the person you ordered me to send you."—"Is it so, Madam," said Mercator, "I never yet suffered my bills to be protested, and I swear this shall not be the first; I shall reckon myself the happiest of all men, if you will allow me to discharge it." She replied, "Sir, I am the more willing to do this, as I was apprized of your character before I sailed, which has been confirmed by several persons of credit on board, who know you very well." This interview was followed with an almost immediate celebration of the nuptials, and they are this day the happiest couple in the whole island.



THE MOUNTAIN OF MISERY.—A VISION.

—By outward show,
Men judge of happiness and woe;
Seek virtue—and of that possess,
To Providence resign the rest.

IT is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy, would prefer the share they

are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a proper division. Horace has carried this thought a great deal further ; which implies, that the hardships or misfortunes we lie under, are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case we should change conditions with him.

As I was ruminating on these two remarks, and seated in my elbow chair, I insensibly fell asleep ; when, on a sudden, methought there was a proclamation made by Jupiter, that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the centre of it, and saw with a great deal of pleasure the whole human species marching one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that seemed to rise above the clouds.

There was a certain lady, of a thin airy shape ; who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose flowing robe embroidered with several figures of fiends and spectres, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes, as her garment hovered in the wind. - There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was *Fancy*. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me to see my fellow creatures groaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were, however, several persons who gave me great diversion upon this occasion. I observed one bringing in a fardel very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it upon the heap, I discovered it to be Poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage; which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

There were multitudes of lovers saddled with very whimsical burdens, composed of darts and flames; but what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under these bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap when they came up to it; but after a few faint efforts shook their heads, and marched away as heavy loaded as they came. I saw multitudes of old women throw down wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth. The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greatest part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Observing one advance towards the heap with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found upon his nearer approach, that it was only a natural hump, which he disposed of with great joy of heart among this collection of human miseries. There were likewise distempers of all sorts, though I could not but observe that there were many more imaginary than real. One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people: this was called the spleen. But what most of all surprised me, was a remark I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown

into the whole heap: at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself, that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties.

I took notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who I did not question came loaded with his crimes; but upon searching into his bundle, I found, that instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue, who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

When the whole race of mankind had thus cast down their burdens, the *Phantom*, which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what passed, approached towards me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when on a sudden she held her magnifying glass full before mine eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it, but was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in the utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humour with my own countenance, upon which I threw it from me like a mask. It happened very luckily that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage, which it seems was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a most shameful length: I believe the very chin was, (modestly speaking) as long as my whole face. We had both of us an opportunity of mending ourselves; and all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to change his misfortunes for those of another person. But as there arose many new incidents in the sequel, I shall reserve them for the ninety-ninth page.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.



IN a village, some distance from ^{the} town, there lived a respectable family, who had once occupied an adjoining house, which, on account of the frequent knockings and disturbances they had heard and met with therein, they were under the disagreeable necessity of leaving. Mr. Goodwin, the owner thereof, had incessantly endeavored to let it, but in vain, the report was too prevalent, and the house became a sad burthen on his hands; he had often advertised it, and, indeed, offered it at so low a rent, that several were induced to try it. An old soldier, who had more than once buffeted all the dangers of war, now begged permission to lodge in it for a few days upon trial, promising if it were possible to inhabit it, that he would immediately take a lease on the terms proposed.

Permission was readily granted for this essay, and this old follower of Mars, who deemed the whole story but a mere empty report, determined to sleep by himself that night in the house; for which purpose, he left in the day-time loaded pistols, and a broad sword, near the room which he intended for his bed-chamber, and solaced himself with the pleasing idea of having obtained a very comfortable bargain; having now properly secured the hall door, resolved that there should be neither egress nor ingress, except to himself, he went to take a sufficient quantity of stout beer, and prepare himself for the attack.

It was rather late before he returned, and he went to bed somewhat mellow, laughing at all the nonsense of ghosts, spirits, and hobgoblins. After a sleep of about two hours, a noise awoke him : he listened—and heard a foot ascending the stairs so plain, that he tho't it expedient to run into the next room after his pistols ; accordingly he armed himself with two, one in each hand, and now on the top of the stairs, he perceived a horrid figure, which undauntedly stood before him, apparently very furious, and nodding with seeming anger.

Our hero repeatedly enquired, who and what he was, whether dead or alive ? but there was no answer ; he then threatened to fire, which so evidently exasperated the figure, that he stamped several times with his foot against the ground, and made such a violent noise, that the very stair-case shook with it ; the soldier presented and fired, but the figure did not seem at all dismayed ; on the contrary, he smiled with disdain ; finding this without effect, he now discharged the other, which, instead of intimidating his unknown antagonist, rendered him if possible, more resolute and fierce ; the soldier seemed somewhat surpris'd, and apprehended that it was neither flesh nor blood, since his pistols had failed ; however, not willing to remain longer defenceless, he hastened for his broad sword ; the spirit pursued him, and ere he could enter the room where it was, gave him such a violent blow, as almost felled him to the ground ; as soon as he had recovered himself, for he was very much stunned, he looked about him, but the figure had vanished. This event having

taken place in the summer time, the sun afforded him an early opportunity of looking about; he went to bed again, with the sword in his hand, but being frequently interrupted with noises, could sleep no more. Early in the morning he took leave of this haunted house, and began seriously to think on what was passed.

At breakfast his friends were very eager to hear the strange occurrences of the night, for knowing the blunt character of this man, and his disbelief of ghosts, they could not doubt the veracity of all he said: he confessed there was something exceedingly strange in the business, and sufficient indeed to intimidate the most brave, but he was determined to make another attempt; he could not imagine that heaven would allow the dead to hurt the living, and his face bore ample testimony of the severity of the blow. "I forgot," says he, "at any rate to interrogate it, as I am told I should have done—I am therefore resolved, this night, to have further conviction, and satisfy myself if the figure be really supernatural, or not."

This determination was deemed by all his friends exceedingly daring and dangerous, but the soldier would not be dissuaded from his design, as his honor, he thought, was too deeply concerned, besides, he could not bear the idea that an enemy, thus unknown, or, what was still worse, a meer shadow, should get the better of him. Another essay was therefore looked upon absolutely necessary.

The next night, he provided himself with larger pistols, and abundance of ball and powder—he did not load till about the time he was going to bed—he left

a chair against the door, thereby to prove whether the thing was supernatural, or not; if supernatural, he supposed it would enter, as ghosts are thought to do through the keyhole, or at least, without throwing down the chair. However, in the middle of the night, he heard the same knockings, the door opened, and down went the chair, which added not a little to the noise. Our hero rose, seized two pistols, and first questioning who he was, the figure which was evidently not the same he saw the preceding night, made no reply, he threatened to fire—

“Forbear,” cried the supposed spirit, “if you will be satisfied, follow me.”

“I will,” replied the soldier, “but observe this, that if any danger awaits me, as you are my leader, it is at you therefore I shall discharge the contents of these.”

He followed him—the figure brought him down stairs to a private place under ground, where, a clandestine door being opened, he was admitted into the presence of a gang of robbers; the soldier still defended himself with his pistols, vowing he would discharge them if his life was threatened, but the captain of the gang assured him he was safe.

“I am the person,” cried he, “who gave you the blow last night; believe me, I should not have so resolutely stood your fire, had I not taken previous care to prevent your pistols (which you left here) from endangering my life, but you have been too prudent this time. We have long inhabited this place, and

made it a practice to deter people from living in the house, that our stay might be long and uninterrupted; we take it by turns to haunt the house. Now, therefore, as we have been so far candid to you, ere you depart from this, you must swear not to divulge our secret within fourteen days, by which time, we shall provide some other habitation for ourselves, and give you quiet possession of this house."

The foldier, without any hesitation, agreed to this, upon which, his health was drank, and he became better acquainted with his *new* friends, for notwithstanding their occupation, he thought there was some honor among them, it being their sworn rule to make depredations only, but never commit murder, if avoidable; this was certainly evident in their behaviour to him—for doubtless they could have destroyed him without fear of discovery, instead of which, they preferred rather making him their friend, and even giving up to him their convenient residence.

The next morning, the soldier's friends were very anxious to know his success: he amused them with a humorous fictitious tale that the spirit (which was a *spirited* one indeed) confessed, upon being interrogated three times, that he was uneasy, on account of some business he had omitted doing before he had died, the performance of which would render him now happy, and he would rest forever. "I offered my services," added the son of Mars—"Thank you," cried he, "you are a very good fellow;"—then he told me what it was, which being enjoined to keep secret, I cannot possibly reveal; in fourteen days time, howev-

er, I shall be able to accomplish it, and then, I flatter myself, I shall have quiet possession of my house at an easy rent; in order to effect the latter, he went and made his bargain sure with the landlord. About the expiration of the fortnight, he went to his house, but first of all, paid a visit to the apartment that was under ground; he soon discovered the door—he opened it, but the tenants were gone; on the table, there was a letter for him, returning him hearty and sincere thanks for the honorable adherence he observed to his oath—as a requital for which, a bill for an hundred pounds was enclosed; this, thought the soldier, will be great help toward *housekeeping*.

His family now came to congratulate him, among whom was an old superstitious woman, who hoped he was perfectly convinced that there were such things as ghosts and apparitions.

“No,” cried our hero, “I am not convinced yet.”

They all wondered at his incredulity, but more so, when they heard the real story, and were admitted to the secret apartment, which was demonstration sufficient of its truth: herein they made merry, and drank a health to the new owner.

After a few months quiet possession, this happy uninterrupted tenant received the following brief, but pleasing note, from one of his predecessors.

“Sir,

In the hurry and confusion of our leaving those under-apartments, which we occupied in your house, either without permission or the knowledge of the owner,

we omitted taking away a small box that contains some bags of gold ; you are certainly entitled to the same for having so honorably kept your word, which you may find under a stone that is marked B. G. III.

Yours, &c."

Our surpris'd hero immediately examined the place that was referred to, where he found the box as described, containing three bags, with fifty guineas each ; thus, by courage and perseverance, he obtained a dwelling on moderate terms, and a sufficiency to pay his rent for several succeeding quarters.



THE CREATION REQUIRED TO PRAISE ITS AUTHOR.



BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay !

Let each enraptur'd thought obey,

And praise th' Almighty's name :

Lo ! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,

In one melodious concert rise,

To swell th' inspiring theme.

Ye fields of light, celestial plains,

Where gay transporting Beauty reigns,

Ye scenes divinely fair !

Your Maker's wond'rous pow'r proclaim,

Tell how he form'd your shining frame,

And breath'd the fluid air.

Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound !
While all th' adoring thrones around
His boundless mercy sing :
Let ev'ry lift'ning faint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of Love,
And touch the sweetest string.

Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir ;
Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,
The mighty chorus aid :
Soon as grey ev'ning gilds the plain,
Thou, Moon, protract the melting strain,
And praise him in the shade.

Thou heav'n of heav'ns his vast abode ;
Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God,
Who call'd yon worlds from night :
“Ye shades, dispel !”—th' Eternal said ;
At once th' involving darkness fled,
And Nature sprung to light.

Whate'er a blooming world contains,
That wings the air, that skims the plains,
United praise bestow :
Ye dragons, sound his awful name
To heav'n aloud ; and roar acclaim,
Ye swelling deeps below.

Let ev'ry element rejoice ;
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice
To HIM who bids you roll :
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whisp'ring breeze of yielding air,
And breath it to the soul.

To him, ye graceful cedars, bow ;
Ye tow'ring mountains, bending low,
Your great Creator own ;
Tell, when affrighted Nature shook,
How Sinai kindled at his look,
And trembled at his frown.

Ye flocks, that haunt the humble vale,
Ye insects flutt'ring on the gale,
In mutual concourse rise ;
Crop the gay rose's vermeil bloom,
And waft its spoils, a sweet perfume,
In incense to the skies.

Wake, all ye mounting tribes, and sing ;
Ye plummy warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise
To HIM who shap'd your finer mould,
Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
And tun'd your voice to praise.

Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heav'nly praise employ ;
Spread his tremendous name around,
Till heav'n's broad arch-rings back the sound,
The gen'ral burst of joy.

Ye whom the charms of grandeur please,
Nurs'd on the downy lap of Ease,
Fall prostrate at his throne :
Ye princes, rulers, all adore ;
Praise him, ye kings, who makes your pow'r
An image of his own.

Ye fair, by nature form'd to move,
 O praise th' eternal SOURCE OF LOVE,
 With youth's enlivening fire :
 Let age take up the tuneful lay,
 Sigh his blest'd name—then soar away,
 And ask an angel's lyre.



THE VISION CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89.



All gracious Providence is good and wise;
 Alike in what it gives, and what denies.

IN the first part of the Vision, I gave my readers a sight of that mountain of miseries which was made up of those several calamities that afflict the minds of men : I saw, with unspeakable pleasure, the whole species thus delivered from its sorrows ; though, at the same time, as we stood round the heap, and surveyed the several materials of which it was composed, there was scarce a mortal, in this vast multitude, who did not discover what he thought pleasures and blessings of life ; and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burdens and grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued out a second proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to change his affliction, and to return to his

habitation with any other such bundle as should be delivered to him.

Upon this, *Fancy* began to bestir herself, and parcelling up the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his packet. The hurry and confusion at this time was not to be expressed. Some observations which I made upon this occasion I shall communicate to the public. A venerable grey-headed man, who had laid down the cholic, and who I found wanted an heir to his estate, snatched up an undutiful son, that had been thrown into the heap by an angry father.—The graceless youth, in less than a quarter of an hour, pulled the old gentleman by the beard, and had like to have knocked his brains out; so that meeting the true father, who came towards him in a fit of the gripes, he begged him to take his son again, and give him back his cholic; but they were incapable either of them to recede from the choice they had made. A poor galley-slave, who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout in their stead; but made such wry faces, that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several exchanges that were made for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and care against pain.

The female world were very busy among themselves in bartering for features: one was trucking a lock of gray hairs for a carbuncle; another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders, and a third cheapening a bad face for a lost reputation: but on all these occasions, there was not one of them who did

not think the new blemish, as soon as she had got it into her possession much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the same observation on every other misfortune or calamity, which every one in the assembly brought upon himself, in lieu of what he had parted with : whether it be that all the evils which befall us are in some measure suited and proportioned to our strength, or that every ill becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

I could not from my heart forbear pitying the poor humpbacked gentleman mentioned in the first part of this Vision, who went off a very well shaped person with a stone in his bladder ; nor the fine gentleman who had struck up a bargain with him that limped through the whole assembly of ladies, who used to admire him, with a pair of shoulders peeping over his head.

I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with the long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face, but he made such a grotesque figure on it, that as I looked upon him, I could not forbear laughing at myself, in so much that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done : on the other side, I found that I myself had got no great reason to triumph ; for as I went to touch my forehead, I missed the place, and clapped my finger on my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceedingly prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks, as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it. I saw two

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other gentlemen by me, who were in the same ridiculous circumstances. These had made a foolish swap between a couple of thick bandy legs, and two long trap-sticks that had no calves to them. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts, and was so lifted up in the air above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it; while the other made such awkward circles as he attempted to walk, that he scarce knew how to move forward upon his new supporters. Observing him to be a very pleasant kind of a fellow, I stuck my cane into the ground, and told him I would lay him a bottle of wine that he did not march up to it on a line, that I drew for him, in a quarter of an hour.

The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a most piteous sight, as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. Jupiter at length, taking compassion upon the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged them with a great deal of pleasure; after which the *Phantom*, which had led them into such gross delusion, was commanded to disappear. There was sent in her stead a goddess of a quite different figure: Her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious and cheerful. She every now and then cast her eyes towards heaven, and fixed them upon Jupiter. Her name was *Patience*. She had no sooner placed herself by the Mount of Sorrows, but, what I

thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree, that it did not appear a third part so big as it was before. She afterwards returned every man his own proper calamity, and teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learnt from it, never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbour's sufferings; for which reason also I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow-creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.



MODERATION IN OUR WISHES RECOMMENDED.



THE active mind of man seldom or never rests satisfied with its present condition, how prosperous soever. Originally formed for a wider range of objects, for a higher sphere of enjoyments, it finds itself, in every situation of fortune, straitened and confined. Sensible of deficiency in its state, it is ever sending forth the fond desire, the aspiring wish, after something

beyond what is enjoyed at present. Hence, that restlessness which prevails so generally among mankind. Hence, that disgust of pleasures which they have tried ; that passion for novelty ; that ambition of rising to some degree of eminence or felicity, of which they have formed to themselves an indistinct idea. All which may be considered as indications of a certain native, original greatness in the human soul, swelling beyond the limits of its present condition ; and pointing at the higher objects for which it was made. Happy, if these latent remains of our primitive state, served to direct our wishes towards their proper destination, and to lead us into the path of true bliss !

But in this dark and bewildered state, the aspiring tendency of our nature unfortunately takes an opposite direction, and feeds a very misplaced ambition. The flattering appearances which here present themselves to sense ; the distinction which fortune confers ; the advantages and pleasures which we imagine the world to be capable of bestowing, fill up the ultimate wish of most men. These are the objects which engross their solitary musings, and stimulate their active labors ; which warm the breasts of the young, animate the industry of the middle aged, and often keep alive the passions of the old, until the very close of life.

Assuredly, there is nothing unlawful in our wishing to be freed from whatever is disagreeable, and to obtain a fuller enjoyment of the comforts of life. But when these wishes are not tempered by reason, they are in danger of precipitating us into much extravagance and folly. Desires and wishes are the first

springs of action. When they become exorbitant, the whole character is likely to be tainted. If we suffer our fancy to create to itself worlds of ideal happiness, we shall discompose the peace and order of our minds, and foment many hurtful passions. Here, then, let Moderation begin its reign; by bringing within reasonable bounds the wishes that we form. As soon as they become extravagant, let us check them, by proper reflections on the fallacious nature of those objects, which the world hangs out to allure desire.

You have strayed, my friend, from the road which conducts to felicity; you have dishonored the native dignity of your souls, in allowing your wishes to terminate on nothing higher than worldly ideas of greatness or happiness. Your imagination roves in a land of shadows. Unreal forms deceive you. It is no more than a phantom, an illusion of happiness, which attracts your fond admiration; nay, an illusions of happiness, which often conceals much real misery.

Do you imagine, that all are happy, who have attained to those summits of distinction, towards which your wishes aspire? Alas! how frequently has experience shown, that where roses were supposed to bloom, nothing but briars and thorns grew? Reputation, beauty, riches, grandeur, nay, royalty itself, would, many a time, have been gladly exchanged by the possessors, for that more quiet and humble station, with which you are now dissatisfied. With all that is splendid and shining in the world, it is decreed that there should mix many deep shades of woe. On the eleva-

ted situations of fortune, the great calamities of life chiefly fall. There, the storm spends its violence, and there, the thunder breaks ; while, safe and unhurt, the inhabitant of the vale remains below.—Retreat, then, from those vain and pernicious excursions of extravagant desire. Satisfy yourselves with what is rational and attainable. Train your minds to moderate views of human life, and human happiness. Remember, and admire, the wisdom of Agur's petition : " Remove far from me vanity and lies. Give me neither poverty nor riches. Feed me with food convenient for me : Lest I be full, and deny thee ; and say, who is the Lord ? or lest I be poor, and steal ; and take the name of God in vain."



PIETY AND GRATITUDE ENLIVEN PROSPERITY.



P IETY, and gratitude to God, contribute, in a high degree, to enliven prosperity. Gratitude is a pleasing emotion. The sense of being distinguished by the kindness of another, gladdens the heart, warms it with reciprocal affection, and gives to any possession which is agreeable in itself, a double relish, from its being the gift of a friend. Favors conferred by men, I acknowledge may prove burdensome. For human virtue is never perfect ; and sometimes unreasonable expectations on the one side, some-

times a mortifying sense of dependence on the other, corrode in secret the pleasure of benefits, and convert the obligations of friendship into grounds of jealousy. But nothing of this kind can affect the intercourse of gratitude with Heaven. Its favors are wholly disinterested; and with a gratitude the most cordial and unsuspicious, a good man looks up to that Almighty Benefactor, who aims at no end but the happiness of those whom he blesses, and who desires no return from them, but a devout and thankful heart. While others can trace their prosperity to no higher source than a concurrence of worldly causes; and, often, of mean or trifling incidents, which occasionally favored their designs; with what superior satisfaction does the servant of God remark the hand of that Gracious Power which hath raised him up; which hath happily conducted him through the various steps of life, and crowned him with the most favorable distinction, beyond his equals?

Let us farther consider, that not only gratitude for the past, but a cheering sense of Divine favor at the present, enters into the pious emotion. They are only the virtuous, who in their prosperous days hear this voice addressed to them, "Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a cheerful heart; for God now accepteth thy works." He who is the Author of their prosperity, gives them a title to enjoy, with complacency, his own gift. While bad men snatch the pleasures of the world as by stealth, without countenance from the Great Proprietor of the world; the righteous sit openly down to the feast of

life, under the smile of approving Heaven. No guilty fears damp their joys. The blessing of God rests upon all that they possess; his protection surrounds them; and hence, "in the habitations of the righteous, is found the voice of rejoicing and salvation." A lustre unknown to others, invests, in their sight, the whole face of nature. Their piety reflects a sunshine from heaven upon the prosperity of the world; unites in one point of view, the smiling aspect, both of the powers above, and of the objects below. Not only have they as full a relish as others, of the innocent pleasures of life, but, moreover, in these they hold communion with their Divine Benefactor. In all that is good or fair, they trace his hand. From the beauties of nature, from the improvements of art, from the enjoyments of social life, they raise their affection to the source of all the happiness which surrounds them; and thus widen the sphere of their pleasures, by adding intellectual, and spiritual, to earthly joys.

For illustration of what I have said on this head, remark that cheerful enjoyment of a prosperous state, which King David had when he wrote the twenty-third Psalm; and compare the highest pleasures of the riotous sinner, with the happy and satisfied spirit which breathes throughout that Psalm.—In the midst of the splendor of royalty, with what amiable simplicity of gratitude does he look up to the Lord as "his Shepherd;" happier in ascribing all his success to Divine favor, than to the policy of his councils, or to the force of his arms? How many instances of

Divine goodness arose before him in pleasing remembrance, when with such relish he speaks of the "green pastures and still waters, beside which God had led him; of his cup which he had made to overflow; and of the table which he had prepared for him in the presence of his enemies!" With what perfect tranquillity does he look forward to the time of his passing through "the valley of the shadow of death;" unappalled by that spectre, whose most distant appearance blasts the prosperity of sinners! He fears no evil, as long as "the rod and the staff" of his Divine Shepherd are with him; and, through all the unknown periods of this and of future existence, commits himself to his guidance with secure and triumphant hope: "Surely goodness and mercy will follow me all the days of my life; and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever."—What a purified, sentimental enjoyment of prosperity is here exhibited? How different from that gross relish of worldly pleasures, which belongs to those who behold only the terrestrial side of things; who raise their views to no higher objects than the succession of human contingencies, and the weak efforts of human ability; who have no protector or patron in the heavens, to enliven their prosperity, or to warm their hearts with gratitude and trust!

ON SPENDING TIME.



Time in advance behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep decrepid with his age :
Behold him when past by, what then is seen,
But his broad pinions fleetier than the wind.

WE all of us complain of the shortness of time, saith *Seneca*, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives, says he, are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do. We are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them. That noble philosopher has described our inconsistency with ourselves in this particular, by all those various turns of expression and thought which are peculiar to his writings.

I often consider mankind as wholly inconsistent with itself in a point that bears some affinity to the former. Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be at age, then to be a man of business, then to make up an estate, then to arrive at honors, then to retire. Thus, although the whole of life is allowed by every one to be short, the several divisions of it appear to be long and tedious. We are for lengthening our span in general, but would fain contract the parts of which it is composed. The usurer would be very well satisfied to have all the time annihilated that

lies between the present moment and next quarter day. The politician would be content to lose three years in his life, could he place things in the posture which he fancies they will stand in after such a revolution of time. The lover would be glad to strike out of his existence all the moments that are to pass away before the happy meeting. Thus, as fast as our time runs, we should be very glad, in most part of our lives, that it ran much faster than it does. Several hours of the day hang upon our hands; nay, we wish away whole years, and travel through time as through a country filled with many wild and empty wastes, which we would fain hurry over; that we may arrive at those several little settlements, or imaginary points of rest, which are dispersed up and down in it.

If we divide the life of most men into twenty parts, we shall find that at least nineteen of them are mere gaps and chasms, which are neither filled with pleasure nor business. I do not, however include in this calculation the life of those men who are in a perpetual hurry of affairs, but of those only who are not always engaged in scenes of action; and I hope I shall not do an unacceptable piece of service to those persons, if I point out to them certain methods for the filling up their empty spaces of life. The methods I shall propose to them are as follow :

The first is the exercise of virtue, in the most general acceptation of the word. That particular scheme which comprehends the social virtues, may give employment to the most industrious temper, and find a man more business than the most active station of life.

To advise the ignorant, relieve the needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in our way almost every day of our lives. A man has frequent opportunities of mitigating the fierceness of a party ; of doing justice to the character of a deserving man ; softening the envious, quieting the angry, and rectifying the prejudiced ; which are all of them employments suited to a reasonable nature, and bring great satisfaction to the person who can busy himself in them with discretion.

There is another kind of virtue that may find employment for those retired hours in which we are altogether left to ourselves, and destitute of company and conversation : I mean that intercourse and communication which every reasonable creature ought to maintain with the great Author of his being. The man who lives under an habitual sense of the Divine presence, keeps up a perpetual cheerfulness of temper, and enjoys every moment the satisfaction of thinking himself in company with his dearest and best friend. The time never lies heavy upon him : it is impossible for him to be alone. His thoughts and passions are the most busied at such hours, when those of other men are the most inactive. He no sooner steps out of the world, but his heart burns with devotion, swells with hope, and triumphs in the consciousness of that presence which every where surrounds him : or, on the contrary, pours out its fears, its sorrows, its apprehensions, to the great Supporter of its existence.

I have here only considered the necessity of a man's being virtuous, that he may have something to do ;

but if I consider farther, that the exercise of virtue is not only an amusement for the time it lasts, but that its influence extends to those parts of our existence which lie beyond the grave ; and that our whole eternity is to take its color from those hours which we here employ in virtue or in vice, the argument redoubles upon us, for putting in practice this method of passing away our time.

When a man has but a little stock to improve, and has opportunities of turning it all to good account, what shall we think of him if he suffers nineteen parts of it to lie dead, and perhaps employs even the twentieth to his ruin or disadvantage ? But because the mind cannot be always in its fervors, nor strained up to a pitch of virtue, it is necessary to find out proper employments for it in its relaxations.

The next method therefore that I would propose to fill up our time, should be useful and innocent diversion. I must confess I think it is below reasonable creatures to be altogether conversant in such diversions as are merely innocent, and have nothing else to recommend them ; but that there is no hurt in them. Whether any kind of gaming has even thus much to say for itself, I shall not determine ; but I think it is very wonderful to see persons of the best sense passing away a dozen hours together in shuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other conversation but what is made up of a few game phrases, and no other ideas but those of black or red spots ranged together in different figures. Would not a man laugh to hear any one of this species complaining that life is short !

The stage might be made a perpetual source of the most noble and useful entertainments, were it under proper regulations.

But the mind never unbends itself so agreeably as in the conversation of a well chosen friend. There is indeed no blessing in life that is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous friend. It eases and unloads the mind, clears and improves the understanding, engenders thought and knowledge, animates virtue and good resolutions, soothes and allays the passions, and finds employment for most of the vacant hours of life.

Next to such an intimacy with a particular person, one would endeavor after a more general conversation with such as are capable of edifying and entertaining those with whom they converse, which are qualities that seldom go asunder.

There are many other useful amusements of life which one would endeavor to multiply, that one might, on all occasions, have recourse to something, rather than suffer the mind to lie idle, or run adrift with any passion that chances to arise in it.

A man that has a taste for music, painting, or architecture, is like one that has another sense, when compared with such as have no relish of those arts. The florist, the planter, the gardener, the husbandman, when they are only as accomplishments to the man of fortune, are great reliefs to a country life, and many ways useful to those who are possessed of them,

ON PLEASURE.



IT has been the object of writers of every age to show that pleasure is in us, and not in the objects offered for our amusement. If the soul be happily disposed, every thing becomes capable of affording entertainment, and distress will almost want a name. Every occurrence passes in review like the figures of a procession ; some may be awkward, others ill-dressed ; but none but a fool is for this enraged with the master of the ceremonies.

An instance of the truth of this was seen in the person of a slave in a fortification in Flanders, who appeared no way touched with his situation. He was maimed, deformed, and chained ; obliged to toil from the appearance of day till night-fall, and condemned to this for life ; yet, with all these circumstances of apparent wretchedness, he sung, would have danced but that he wanted a leg, and appeared the merriest, happiest man of all the garrison. What a practical philosopher was here ? a happy constitution supplied philosophy ; and, though seemingly destitute of wisdom, he was really wise. No reading or study had contributed to disenchant the fairy-land around him. Every thing furnished him with an opportunity of mirth ; and, though some thought him, from his insensibility, a fool, he was such an idiot as philosophers should wish to imitate ; for all philosophy is only forcing the trade of happiness, when nature seems to deny the means.

Those who, like our slave, can place themselves on that side of the world in which every thing appears in a pleasing light, will find something in every occurrence to excite their good humor. The most calamitous events, either to themselves or others, can bring no new affliction; the whole world is to them a theatre, on which comedies only are acted. All the bustle of heroism, or the rants of ambition, serve only to heighten the absurdity of the scene, and make the humor more poignant. They feel, in short, as little anguish at their own distress, or the complaints of others, as the undertaker, though dressed in black, feels sorrow at a funeral.

The famous cardinal de Retz possessed this happiness of temper in the highest degree, more perhaps than any other man in the world. As he was a man of gallantry, and despised all that wore the pedantic appearance of philosophy, wherever pleasure was to be found, he was generally foremost to raise the auction. Being an universal admirer of the fair sex, when he found one lady cruel, he generally fell in love with another, from whom he expected a more favorable reception: if she too rejected his addresses, he never thought of retiring into deserts, or pining in hopeless distress. He persuaded himself, that, instead of loving the lady, he only fancied that he had loved her, and so all was well again. When fortune wore her angriest look, and he at last fell into the power of his most deadly enemy cardinal Mazarine, (being confined a close prisoner in the castle of Valenciennes) he never attempted to support his distress by wisdom or

philosophy, for he pretended to neither. He only laughed at himself and his persecutor, and seemed infinitely pleased at his new situation. In this mansion of distress, though secluded from his friends, though denied all the amusements, and even the conveniences of life, he still retained his good humor ; laughed at all the little spite of his enemies ; and carried the jest so far as to be revenged, by writing the life of his gaoler.

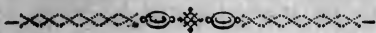
To be stubborn or sullen under misfortunes, is all that the wisdom of the proud can teach. The cardinal's example will instruct us to be merry in circumstances of the highest affliction. It matters not whether our good humor be construed by others into insensibility, or even ideotism ; it is happiness to ourselves, and none but a fool would measure his satisfaction by what the world thinks of it : for my own part, I never pass by one of our prisons for debt, that I do not envy that felicity which is still going forward among those people who forget the care of the world by being shut out from its ambition.

The following account of a good natured fellow, who actually subsists at this moment, is a case in point. Whenever he fell into any misery, he usually called it seeing life. If his head was broke by a chairman, or his pocket picked by a sharper, he comforted himself by imitating the Hibernian dialect of the one, or the more fashionable cant of the other. Nothing came amiss to him. His inattention to money matters had incensed his father to such a degree, that all the intercession of friends in his favor was

fruitless. The old gentleman was on his death-bed. The whole family, and Dick among the number, gathered around him——“I leave my second son, Andrew,” said the expiring miser, “my whole estate, and desire him to be frugal.” Andrew, in a sorrowful tone as is usual on these occasions, prayed heaven to prolong his life and health, to enjoy it himself. “I recommend Simon, my third son, to the care of his elder brother, and leave him beside four thousand pounds.” “Ah! father,” cried Simon (in great affliction to be sure) “May heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself.” At last, turning to poor Dick, “As for you, you have always been a sad dog; you will never come to good; you will never be rich; I will leave you a shilling to buy an halter.” “Ah! father,” cries Dick, without any emotion, “may heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself.” This was all the trouble the loss of fortune gave this thoughtless imprudent creature. However, the tenderness of an uncle recompensed the neglect of a father; and he is now not only excessively good-humored, but competently rich.

Let the world cry out at a bankrupt who appears at a ball; at an author who laughs at the public which pronounces him a dunce; at a general who smiles at the reproach of the vulgar, or the lady who keeps her good-humor inspite of scandal; but such is the wisest behaviour that any of us can possibly assume; it is certainly a better way to oppose calamity by dissipation, than to take up the arms of reason or resolution to oppose it: by the first method, we forget our mis-

tries ; by the last, we only conceal them from others ; by struggling with misfortunes, we are sure to receive some wounds in the conflict ; but a sure method to come off victorious, is by running away.



RANK AND RICHES AFFORD NO GROUND
FOR ENVY.



OF all the grounds of envy among men, superiority in rank and fortune is the most general. Hence, the malignity which the poor commonly bear to the rich, as engrossing to themselves all the comforts of life. Hence, the evil eye with which persons of inferior station scrutinize those who are above them in rank ; and if they approach to that rank, their envy is generally strongest against such as are just one step higher than themselves.—Alas ! my friends, all this envious disquietude, which agitates the world, arises from a deceitful figure which imposes on the public view. False colors are hung out : the real state of men is not what it seems to be. The order of society requires a distinction of ranks to take place ; but in point of happiness, all men come much nearer to equality than is commonly imagined ; and the circumstances, which form any material difference of happiness among them, are not of that nature which renders them grounds of envy. The poor man possesses not, it is true, some of the conveniences and pleasures of the rich ; but, in return, he is free from

many embarrassments to which they are subject. By the simplicity and uniformity of his life, he is delivered from that variety of cares, which perplex those who have great affairs to manage, intricate plans to pursue, many enemies, perhaps, to encounter in the pursuit. In the tranquillity of his small habitation, and private family, he enjoys a peace which is often unknown at courts. The gratifications of nature, which are always the most satisfactory, are possessed by him to their full extent; and if he be a stranger to the refined pleasures of the wealthy, he is unacquainted also with the desire of them, and by consequence, feels no want. His plain meal satisfies his appetite; with a relish, probably, higher than that of the rich man, who sits down at his luxurious banquet. His sleep is more sound; his health more firm; he knows not what spleen, languor, and listlessness are. His accustomed employments or labors are not more oppressive to him, than the labor of attendance on courts and the great, the labors of dress, the fatigue of amusements, the very weight of idleness, frequently are to the rich. In the mean time, all the beauty of the face of nature, all the enjoyments of domestic society, all the gaiety and cheerfulness of an easy mind, are as open to him as to those of the highest rank. The splendor of retinue, the sound of titles, the appearances of high respect, are indeed soothing, for a short time, to the great. But, become familiar, they are soon forgotten. Custom effaces their impression. They sink into the rank of those ordinary things, which daily recur, without raising any sensation of joy.—Let us cease, therefore, from looking up with discontent and envy to those,

whom birth or fortune has placed above us. Let us adjust the balance of happiness fairly. When we think of the enjoyments we want, we should think also of the troubles from which we are free. If we allow their just value to the comforts we possess, we shall find reason to rest satisfied, with a very moderate, though not an opulent and splendid condition of fortune. Often, did we know the whole, we should be inclined to pity the state of those whom we now envy.



THE MORTIFICATIONS OF VICE GREATER
THAN THOSE OF VIRTUE.



THOUGH no condition of human life is free from uneasiness, yet it must be allowed, that the uneasiness belonging to a sinful course, is far greater, than what attends a course of well-doing. If we are weary of the labors of virtue, we may be assured, that the world, whenever we try the exchange, will lay upon us a much heavier load. It is the outside, only, of a licentious life, which is gay and smiling. Within, it conceals toil, and trouble, and deadly sorrow. For vice poisons human happiness in the spring, by introducing disorder into the heart. Those passions which it seems to indulge, it only feeds with imperfect gratifications ; and thereby strengthens them for preying, in the end, on their unhappy victims.

It is a great mistake to imagine, that the pain of self-denial is confined to virtue. He who follows the

world, as much as he who follows Christ, must "take up his cross;" and to him assuredly, it will prove a more oppressive burden. Vice allows all our passions to range uncontrolled; and where each claims to be superior, it is impossible to gratify all. The predominant desire can only be indulged at the expense of its rival. No mortifications which virtue exacts, are more severe than those, which ambition imposes upon the love of ease, pride upon interest, and covetousness upon vanity. Self-denial, therefore, belongs, in common, to vice and virtue; but with this remarkable difference, that the passions which virtue requires us to mortify, it tends to weaken; whereas, those which vice obliges us to deny, it, at the same time, strengthens. The one diminishes the pain of self-denial, by moderating the demand of passion; the other increases it, by rendering those demands imperious and violent. What distresses, that occur in the calm life of virtue, can be compared to those tortures which remorse of conscience inflicts on the wicked; to those severe humiliations, arising from guilt combined with misfortunes, which sink them to the dust; to those violent agitations of shame and disappointment, which sometimes drive them to the most fatal extremities, and make them abhor their existence? How often, in the midst of those disastrous situations, into which their crimes have brought them, have they execrated the seductions of vice; and, with bitter regret, looked back to the day on which they first forsook the path of innocence!

THE DIGNITY OF VIRTUE AMIDST CORRUPT
EXAMPLES.

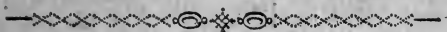
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THE most excellent and honorable character which can adorn a man and a Christian, is acquired by resisting the torrent of vice, and adhering to the cause of God and virtue against a corrupted multitude. It will be found to hold in general, that all those, who, in any of the great lines of life, have distinguished themselves for thinking profoundly, and acting nobly, have despised popular prejudices; and departed, in several things, from the common ways of the world. On no occasion is this more requisite for true honor, than where religion and morality are concerned. In times of prevailing licentiousness, to maintain unblemished virtue, and uncorrupted integrity; in a public or a private cause, to stand firm by what is fair and just, amidst discouragements and opposition; despising groundless censure and reproach; disdaining all compliance with public manners, when they are vicious and unlawful; and never ashamed of the punctual discharge of every duty towards God and man;—this is what shows true greatness of spirit, and will force approbation even from the degenerate multitude themselves. “This is the man,” (their conscience will oblige them to acknowledge,) “whom we are unable to bend to mean condescensions. We see it in vain either to flatter or to threaten him; he rests on a principle within, which we cannot shake. To this man we may, on any occasion, safely commit our

cause. He is incapable of betraying his trust, or deserting his friend, or denying his faith."

It is, accordingly, this steady inflexible virtue, this regard to principle, superior to all custom and opinion, which peculiarly marked the characters of those in any age, who have shone with distinguished lustre; and has consecrated their memory to all posterity. It was this that obtained to ancient Enoch the most singular testimony of honor from heaven. He continued to "walk with God," when the world apostatized from him. He pleased God, and was beloved of him; so that living among sinners, he was translated to heaven without seeing death; "Yea, speedily was he taken away, lest wickedness should have altered his understanding, or deceit beguiled his soul." When Sodom could not furnish ten righteous men to save it, Lot remained unspotted amidst the contagion. He lived like an angel among spirits of darkness; and the destroying flame was not permitted to go forth, till the good man was called away by a heavenly messenger from his devoted city. When "all flesh had corrupted their way upon the earth," then lived Noah, a righteous man, and a preacher of righteousness. He stood alone, and was scoffed by the profane crew. But they by the deluge were swept away; while on him, Providence conferred the immortal honor, of being the restorer of a better race, and the father of a new world. Such examples as these, and such honors conferred by God on them who withstood the multitude of evil doers, should often be present to our minds. Let us oppose them to the numbers of low and corrupt examples, which we behold around us; and when we are

in hazard of being swayed by such, let us fortify our virtue by thinking of those who, in former times, shone like stars in the midst of surrounding darkness, and are now shining in the kingdom of heaven, as the brightness of the firmament, for ever and ever.



THE CLEMENCY AND AMIABLE CHARACTER OF THE PATRIARCH JOSEPH.



NO human character exhibited in the records of Scripture, is more remarkable or instructive than that of the patriarch Joseph. He is one whom we behold tried in all the vicissitudes of fortune; from the condition of a slave, rising to be ruler of the land of Egypt; and in every station acquiring, by his virtue and wisdom, favor with God and man. When overseer of Potiphar's house, his fidelity was proved by strong temptations, which he honorably resisted. When thrown into prison by the artifice of a false woman, his integrity and prudence soon rendered him conspicuous, even in that dark mansion. When called into the presence of Pharoah, the wise and extensive plan which he formed for saving the kingdom from the miseries of impending famine, justly raised him to a high station, wherein his abilities were eminently displayed in the public service. But in his whole history, there is no circumstance so striking and interesting, as his behaviour to his brethren who had sold him into slavery. The moment in which he made himself known to

them, was the most critical one of his life, and the most decisive of his character. It is such as rarely occurs in the course of human events; and is calculated to draw the highest attention of all who are endowed with any degree of sensibility of heart.

From the whole tenor of the narration it appears, that though Joseph, upon the arrival of his brethren in Egypt, made himself strange to them, yet from the beginning he intended to discover himself; and studied so to conduct the discovery, as might render the surprise of joy complete. For this end, by affected severity, he took measures for bringing down into Egypt all his father's children. They were now arrived there; and Benjamin among the rest, who was his younger brother by the same mother, and was particularly beloved by Joseph. Him he threatened to detain; and seemed willing to allow the rest to depart. This incident renewed their distress. They all knew their father's extreme anxiety about the safety of Benjamin, and with what difficulty he had yielded to his undertaking this journey. Should he be prevented from returning, they dreaded that grief would overpower the old man's spirits, and prove fatal to his life. Judah, therefore, who had particularly urged the necessity of Benjamin's accompanying his brothers, and had solemnly pledged himself to their father for his safe return, craved, upon this occasion, an audience of the governor; and gave him a full account of the circumstances of Jacob's family.

Nothing can be more interesting and pathetic than this discourse of Judah. Little knowing to whom he

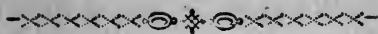
spoke, he paints in all the colors of simple and natural eloquence, the distressed situation of the aged patriarch, hastening to the close of life ; long afflicted for the loss of a favorite son, whom he supposed to have been torn in pieces by a beast of prey ; laboring now under anxious concern about his youngest son, the child of his old age, who alone was left alive of his mother, and whom nothing but the calamities of severe famine could have moved a tender father to send from home, and expose to the dangers of a foreign land. " If we bring him not back with us, we shall bring down the grey hairs of thy servant, our father, with sorrow, to the grave. I pray thee therefore let thy servant abide, instead of the young man, a bondman to our lord. For how shall I go up to my father, and Benjamin not with me ? lest I see the evil that shall come on my father."

Upon this relation, Joseph could no longer restrain himself. The tender ideas of his father and his father's house, of his ancient home, his country and his kindred, of the distress of his family, and his own exaltation, all rushed too strongly upon his mind to bear any farther concealment. " He cried, cause every man to go out from me ; and he wept aloud." The tears which he shed were not the tears of grief. They were the burst of affection. They were the effusions of a heart overflowing with all the tender sensibilities of nature. Formerly he had been moved in the same manner, when he first saw his brethren before him. " His bowels yearned upon them ; he sought for a place where to weep. He went into his chamber ;

and then washed his face and returned to them." At that period his generous plans were not completed. But now, when there was no farther occasion for constraining himself, he gave free vent to the strong emotions of his heart. The first minister to the king of Egypt was not ashamed to show, that he felt as a man, and a brother. "He wept aloud; and the Egyptians, and the house of Pharoah heard him."

The first words which his swelled heart allowed him to pronounce, are the most suitable to such an affecting situation that were ever uttered;—"I am Joseph; doth my father yet live?"—What could he, what ought he, in that impassioned moment, to have said more? This is the voice of Nature herself, speaking her own language; and it penetrates the heart: No pomp of expression; no parade of kindness; but strong affection hastening to utter what is strongly felt, "His brethren could not answer him; for they were troubled at his presence." Their silence is as expressive of those emotions of repentance and shame, which, on this amazing discovery, filled their breasts, and stopped their utterance, as the few words which Joseph speaks, are expressive of the generous agitations which struggled for vent within him. No painter could seize a more striking moment for displaying the characteristic features of the human heart, than what is here presented. Never was there a situation of more tender and virtuous joy, on the one hand; nor, on the other, of more overwhelming confusion and conscious guilt. In the simple narration of the sacred historian.

it is set before us with greater energy and higher effect, than if it had been wrought up with all the coloring of the most admired modern eloquence.



THE WAY OF THE WORLD.



FULVIUS was a very good natured fellow, but is now no more. He was bred in a compting-house, and his father dying just as he was out of his time, left him a handsome fortune, and many friends to advise with. The restraint in which he had been brought up, had thrown a gloom upon his temper, which some regarded as prudence; and, from such considerations, he had every day repeated offers of friendship. Such as had money, were ready to offer him their assistance that way; and those who had daughters, frequently, in the warmth of affection advised him to marry. Fulvius was in good circumstances; he wanted neither money, friends, nor a wife; and therefore modestly declined their proposals.

He was brought to a different way of thinking, by some errors in the management of his affairs, and several losses in trade; and he at last considered, that it was his best way to let his friends know that their offers were at length acceptable. His first address was to a scrivener, who had formerly made him frequent offers of money and friendship, at a time when, perhaps, he knew those offers would have been refused. As a man, therefore, confident of not being refused,

he requested the use of an hundred guineas for a few days, as he just then had occasion for money. "And pray, Sir," replied the scrivener, "do you want all this money?" "Want it, Sir?" says the other, "if I did not want it I should not have asked it." "I am sorry for that," says the friend, "for those who want money when they borrow, will always want money when they should come to pay. To say the truth, Sir, money is money now; and I believe it is all sunk in the bottom of the sea, for my part; he that has got a little is a fool if he does not keep what he has got."

Fulvius was not quite disconcerted by this refusal, and was resolved to apply to another, whom he knew was the very best friend he had in the world. The gentleman whom he now addressed, received his proposal with all the affability that could be expected from generous friendship. "Let me see, you want an hundred guineas; and pray, my dear friend, would not fifty answer?" "If you have but fifty to spare, Sir, I must be contented." "Fifty to spare; I do not say that, for I believe I have but twenty about me." "Then I must borrow the other thirty from some other friend." "And pray," replied the friend, "would it not be the best way to borrow the whole money from that other friend, and then one note will serve for all, you know? You know, my dear Sir, that you need make no ceremony with me at any time; you know I am your friend; and when you choose a bit of dinner, or so——You, Tom, see the gentleman down. You won't forget to dine with us now and then. Your very humble servant."

This treatment distressed, but did not discourage him, and he was at last resolved to find that assistance from love, which he could not have from friendship. A young lady, a distant relation by the mother's side, had a fortune in her own hands ; and, as she had already made all the advances that her sex's modesty would permit, he made his proposal with confidence. He soon, however, perceived, that no bankrupt ever found the fair one kind. She had lately fallen deeply in love with another, who had more money, and the whole neighbourhood thought it would be a match.

Every succeeding day now began to strip him of his former finery ; his cloaths flew piece by piece, to the pawnbroker's, and he seemed at length equipped in the genuine livery of misfortune. But still he thought himself secure from actual necessity ; the numberless invitations he had received to dine, even after his losses, were yet unanswered ; he was therefore now resolved to accept of a dinner, because he wanted one ; and in this manner he actually lived among his friends a whole week without being openly affronted. The last place he went to, was a reverend divine's. He had, as he fancied, just nicked the time of dinner, for he came in as the cloth was laying. He took a chair without being desired, and talked for some time without being attended to. He assured the company, that nothing procured so good an appetite as a walk in the Park, where he had been that morning. He went on, and praised the figure of the damask table-cloth ; talked of a feast where he had been the day before, but that the venison was overdone. But all this procured

him no invitation : finding therefore the gentleman of the house insensible to all his fetches, he thought proper, at last, to retire, and mend his appetite by a second walk in the Park.

O ! ye sons of misfortune whoever you be, whether in rags or in lace ; whether in Kent-street or the Mall ; whether at the Smyrna or St. Gile's, be advised by a friend, never seem to want the favor which you solicit. Apply to every passion but human pity for redress : you may find permanent relief from vanity, from self-interest, or from avarice, but from compassion never. The very eloquence of a poor man is disgusting ; and that mouth which is opened even by wisdom, is seldom expected to close without the horrors of a petition.

If you wish to ward off the gripe of poverty, you must pretend to be a stranger to her, and she will at least use you with ceremony. If you be caught dining upon a halfpenny porringer of pease-soup and potatoes, praise the wholesomeness of your frugal repast. You may observe, that Dr. Cheyne has prescribed pease-broth for the gravel ; hint that you are not one of those who are always making a deity of your belly. If, again, you are obliged to wear a flimsy stuff in the midst of winter, be the first to remark, that stuffs are very much worn at Paris ; or, if there be found some irreparable defects in any part of your equipage, which cannot be concealed by all the arts of sitting cross-legged, coaxing, or darning, say, that neither you nor Sampson, Gideon were ever very fond of dress. If

you be a philosopher, hint that Plato or Seneca are the taylors you choose to employ ; assure the company that man ought to be content with a bare covering, since what now is so much his pride, was formerly his shame. In short, however caught, never give out ; but ascribe to the frugality of your disposition what others might be apt to attribute to the narrowness of your circumstances. To be poor, and to seem poor, is a certain method never to rise : pride in the great, is hateful : in the wise, it is ridiculous ; but beggarly pride is a rational vanity, which I have been taught to applaud and excuse.



THE PENITENT GHOST, OR WONDERFUL STRATAGEM.



JACK WILDING, the son of a late worthy citizen, was contracted, by the mutual consent of the parents, to Miss Seymour the daughter of a very respectable merchant ; but such was the wild infatuated disposition of the young man, that, becoming an easy dupe to pleasure, he not only slighted, but totally neglected the fair object of this contract—Eliza, who was partial to her unworthy intended, saw with regret the volatile character of her undeserving lover—for *lover* was a title he always aspired to, in hopes of rendering him agreeable in the eyes of every young lady ; but to Eliza, he was *less* a lover, than to those fair

who were less worthy of his love—in short, he was a general gallant, and would have taken unwarrantable liberties with Miss Seymour, had not her delicacy and virtue prudently defended themselves.

Wilding, upon the death of his father, became more and more the libertine ; while such was Miss Seymour's situation, that she was entirely subject, by this contract, to the wavering disposition of Wilding ; unable, except upon a very severe forfeit (which her father would not submit to) to procure a liberation, and be free to marry another. By some unaccountable means indeed she had given her *heart* to the man who thus deferred the acceptance of her hand, and by a cruel procrastination proved that it was never his intention to fulfil an agreement, which unfortunately he was not compelled to, by any penalty in the contract, through the neglect of Mr. Seymour, who never suspected his inconstancy and caprice ; of this however the old gentleman soon repented ; and no doubt it was the sole occasion of his sudden death ; for he saw the unhappy fate of his poor orphan child.

Miss Seymour, now fatherless, became more subject to the insults of Wilding ; who, laughing at her punctilious notions of virtue, made many unworthy attempts to injure it—however, to the great honor of Miss Seymour be it added, all his endeavors were happily ineffectual.

The young lady being rather in a solitary situation, and more in want of a female companion than many of her sex, now prevailed on the daughter of a late worthy friend of her deceased father to remain with

her a few months; hoping by her advice and assistance not to *recover*—(for it never was *won*)—but obtain, and then *secure* the affection of this harum-scarum youth. Lydia Harcourt, whose nature was exceedingly good and sympathetic, readily acquiesced with the invitation; for she pitied her unfortunate companion, and notwithstanding her just hatred to Wilding, was induced, by her transcendent love for Eliza, to be both her constant companion and occasional friend.

During the visit of Miss Harcourt, Wilding was a more constant guest; but the reason soon became evident—he wished to add to the lists of his ruined favorites, the bosom friend and confidant of his contracted Eliza. One day when Lydia was nobly interceding for the wronged Miss Seymour, and by the eloquence of friendship pleading her cause—during which time the trembling Eliza was attentively listening—the thoughtless youth attributed all his neglect, all his inconstancy, to the transcendent beauty of the fair advocate.

“ Oh !” cried he in a tone of rhapsody and well-dissembled love, “ how is it possible that you can behold my indifference to Miss Seymour, and not immediately perceive the consequence, thou dear bewitching thief—it is thou who hast stolen my heart, and rendered me totally incapable of fulfilling the contract with Eliza—but smile upon me now, I conjure you, by your friendship for Miss Seymour, smile—only satisfy my ardent passion for you, and it may be the better for your friend; for by extinguishing the flame which has been long, untimely kindled within my heart for you,

perhaps it may be the means of kindling another for your friend Eliza; for then, whoever is dear to you must certainly be so to one——”

Miss Harcourt listened to this enthusiastic declaration with profound attention, and when he had concluded, she coolly withdrew her hand, and, smiling, wished that her friend Eliza was present to witness his dissembled passion, as then, she was very sure, all esteem she could entertain for him must certainly be at an end; and that she would suffer any thing on her part before she would marry him.

This very deliberate manner of address and remonstrance had no kind of effect upon Wilding--on the contrary it only served to spur him on more in his wicked designs, and excite new projects of malicious gallantry. He now proceeded to violence. Such was Eliza's situation, that she did not interpose—fearful if she had discovered herself, she would seem to have suspected the friendship of Miss Harcourt, or met with the ill-timed sarcasms of an unthinking libertine——However, the seasonable interruption of Jenny, the servant, put an end at present to Mr. Wilding's intention. He seemed exceedingly mortified at the intrusion, and speedily took leave.

Miss Harcourt was determined to be revenged on him for this audacious attempt. She communicated her sentiments to Jenny, who wished much to invent some stratagem for punishing the presumption of the youth, and make him at the same time sensible of the injury he had offered Miss Harcourt.

Eliza, who had overheard their wishes to be accomplices in a plot, now resolved, as she was most particularly concerned, to be herself the inventress. She accordingly imparted her design to a nephew of the late Mr. Seymour; who, having fortunately procured an acquaintance with Wilding, assured her that every thing in his power he would, without the least hesitation accomplish. This young man, whom we shall call Charles, associated on purpose with Wilding; seemed an advocate for pleasure like himself and shared in all manner of wild intoxication.

Miss Seymour had now moved her residence to a country village, and, in order to allure Wilding to follow them, Charles (who was prudently admitted into the secret) very sagaciously laid a wager with his friend Wilding, that he would never accomplish his design over Miss Harcourt. This stimulated the young man to follow them; and Charles, with Colonel Riot (who was not in the plot) were consequently his companions.

The place which Miss Seymour repaired to, was a lonely unneighbourly town. The cottage, formerly a castle, was large, wild, and disordered—a gloomy aspect hung over the place, and was seemingly well-suited for the daring project which ran in her head—Jenny, and Tom a man-servant, were the only attendants which she took.

Wilding, in order to gain his purpose over Miss Harcourt, attempted to bribe Jenny. This sagacious girl, to avoid suspicion, accepted his money (which was rather tempting, being plentifully offered) with little or no reluctance, seeming rather to acquiesce

with his designs, and inclined to give the assistance which he pretended to want so much.

Charles, on the evening intended for Wilding's bold essay, now under pretence of spiriting him up to action, invited him to a bottle. This was the time for him to perform his arduous part, on which depended the whole stratagem, and this he did both honorably and successfully. He seized a happy opportunity of mixing opium with Wilding's liquor, which, in addition to the spirits (for Charles made him drink more than usual) had such an effect over his understanding, as to render him totally insensible, and almost dead.

While in this horrid state of ignorant inebriation, Charles had the insensible body of his friend conveyed, by proper servants, to a room which was on purpose fitted up in this melancholy and wild residence that Miss Seymour had designedly chosen: it was hung with black and every thing that could render it dismal and awful was most industriously executed: the skulls and bones of departed friends were here and there scattered; *Memento mori* seemed to be the motto of all around; a coffin with glimmering lights was carefully placed before him. In short, the whole scene was both interesting and tremendous.

Wilding, who had been, during his translation, ignorant of all that was said or done, now snored away his intoxication, and suddenly awaked in this room of horror; he rubbed his eyes, for some time gazing with wonder around, then doubtful that he was yet awake, he rubbed again; he looked at the skulls; took them

up in his hands, then gazing at the arms and legs he went to the door, beheld two mutes who looked horror and death; he spoke to them, but they gave no answer, nor seemed to perceive him; he returned, walked about, beheld the coffin; this roused his curiosity; he read the supercription, and was no doubt astonished to find that John Wilding (himself) died suddenly the very day that he was drinking with his friend Charles. This amazed him; he could not believe his eyes, and indeed no wonder; he was however resolved to examine more closely into the matter, and endeavored to open the coffin for the pleasure of seeing his own dead body; but herein he was disappointed; for the projectors of the scheme had it so well screwed down, that all his ability was in vain; now, in a state of melancholy reflection, he stood some time; at last Miss Seymour and her confidant entered in deep mourning; he addressed them, but they took no notice of him; he spoke to them, but they did not answer; and, when they did break silence, their words were entirely foreign to the questions proposed.

“I will—cried Miss Seymour in a fit of seeming distraction—I will give vent to my sorrow and bewail the untimely death of this poor youth.”

“No, don’t,” cried Wilding, “look at me, I am not dead, upon my soul.”

Totally indifferent to Mr. Wilding’s request, she mourned most plentifully over the coffin, and now and then would stare him in the face, to convince him that she did not see him.

“Come away ;” exclaimed Miss Harcourt, who under pretence was administering all the consolation in her power, “come, you did not know the character of this man, or you would not now lament his deserved fate ; he had the impudence (I would not confess it to you, my dear, only he is now dead and gone) to attack even my virtue, and seek my utter ruin ; last night I am told he had determined to complete his evil purpose ; and heaven (I am sure) inflicted this punishment upon him, for which I must always be thankful, to frustrate his dangerous design ; otherwise he would not so suddenly have died of that small crust of bread, which I am told stuck in his throat.”

“Speak not so harshly I conjure you,” cried Miss Seymour, “he was young, and surely youth is some plea for his foibles ; look at his coffin, he is no more than twenty, poor young man, had he lived, no doubt, he would have atoned for all his errors.”

“Perhaps, my dear, it is happier for you that he is now gone ; consider that you are thereby released from a detestable contract, you are free, and I am sure, if men suffer punishment after their death, he must feel now for his cruel treatment to you, and his wicked designs upon me.”

“Suffer !” echoed Wilding, “dear ! dear ! I believe I shall always be in hell.”

Jenny now entered, and seemed to bewail with equal sorrow the untimely fate of poor Wilding : he did all in his power to shew himself, but such was his misfortune, he could not appear to any ; it was now

Jenny discovered his intention of procuring admittance to Miss Harcourt by the bribes he had given her ; in short, all his sins and iniquities seemed to stare him in the face, and rise, as it were, in judgement against him.

The servant man brought in word that the undertaker was ready to inter the body ; they all prepared, as mourners, to attend this awful funeral, even Charles now appeared in sable dress with watery eyes ; the ladies went out first, and Wilding, who was left alone with his companion, endeavored all in his power to appear to him, but to no effect, he could not, for he would not see him.

“ Well by the—no I won’t swear as I am dead,” exclaimed Wilding, “ but by my soul, for that is still living, if you won’t hear me, you shall feel me.”

Upon this Wilding gave Charles a most violent knock on the head, but, happily, the other attributed it to a sudden head-ach, and convinced poor Wilding that he was a penitent ghost indeed.

The dismal situation of our hero cannot be described, particularly when he saw Charles, his bosom friend, preparing to pay his sad respects to his supposed remains—The women, Miss Seymour, Miss Harcourt, and Jenny, went into one coach. Wilding resolved to be among them, and, both out of respect to them, and love for the memory of himself, joined them in this strange excursion—the ladies artfully took no notice of his entering the carriage, and he sat between Eliza

and Lydia, who alternately lamented his fate, particularly the latter, who hoped (with a serious face while gazing inattentive to him) that heaven would have pity on his youth, and forgive him the manifold crimes that he was guilty of.

“But, alas!” continued Miss Harcourt, “when I think on the heinous vices he has been guilty of, I fear that brimstone and fire must be his eternal lot——”

“Heaven deliver me,” ejaculated the terrified Wilding, who became conscious of the sins he had committed; and was rather apprehensive of future punishment.

In this affecting manner the company proceeded; while Jenny, who sat opposite to Wilding, was railing violently against his juvenile follies; the tender Eliza beseeching her to desist, for this was no time to war with the dust——While thus they were adding still to the terrors of Wilding, to complete both his astonishment and perturbation, they sung the following

D I R G E.

Farewel, farewel, my love, my heart!

Poor Jack,

Poor Jack,

Is flown away!

Alack,

Alack,

And well-a-day!

Adieu, adieu, dear soul, dear youth !

Poor Jack,

Poor Jack,

Is snatch'd away

By tyrant death's devouring tooth !

Alack,

Alack,

And well-a-day !!!

They now descended from their coaches in solemn and silent sorrow ; Wilding approached the ground where he saw himself laid. The funeral rites (being on purpose paid for by Miss Seymour) were duly performed, and Wilding was left in the church-yard to bewail his dismal and untimely end.

Now was the time when this unfortunate youth began to repent ; now was the time when he saw his follies, and wished himself alive again, that he might lead a new life. Eliza, who had so contrived that he should be left behind, returned as it were to mourn over the remains of her dear but unworthy inconstant——Wilding beheld her well-dissembled grief ; he looked at her, and wept likewise——She, with feasonable cunning, started at his appearance——

“ Good heaven ! ” exclaimed she, “ it is—it is the shade of Mr. Wilding—— ”

Wilding was happy that she saw him—he confessed that he was that unfortunate youth that was just now buried ; he implored her forgiveness, and earnestly prayed that she would intercede for him with her friend, and procure his pardon for the insults he had offered ; “ this perhaps may be the means (he added)

of rendering me some rest ; for I assure you, though I do sleep in this yard, I have not had one moment's quiet since I died."

During this interesting scene Colonel Riot happened to pass by, and, being "ripe for sport," hailed his friend Wilding, whose pallid and melancholy countenance somewhat astonished him.

"Heyday !" cries he, "What is the matter, Jack ?"

"And do *you* see me too—Oh then, my friend, take warning—beware of my untimely end—forbear these unlimited bounds of pleasure—be wise ere it be too late."

"Why ? why ? What the devil is the matter ? you seem to be quite dull—you that was once all alive. Come, let us take a bottle together."

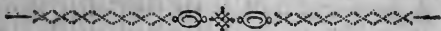
"Ask me to take a bottle with you—What do you mean ? Consider what I am."

"Why, what the devil are you ? I thought you were an honest fellow——Come—Oh ! Miss Seymour, are you here ?—So, so, I see what you have been both at—but what an odd place you have chosen to meet in. Come, what's the matter with you ?"

"The matter ! Why do you ask—Why do you insult me ? Oh beware, my friend, lest a crust of bread may fatally explain to you what has happened to me——"

At this instant Charles, who had accompanied Eliza, and during this scene secreted himself behind a tree, discovered himself by a loud laugh—the noise of which surprised Wilding; for, struck with every sound, he seemed apprehensive that the *devil* was coming for him—he was happy however to see him in the shape of Charles his friend, who now revealed the plot; flattering himself that the effect thereof was both happy and successful.

Wilding, rejoicing to hear that he was not dead, availed himself of the glad opportunity of repenting; and changed the rites of his funeral to the tranquil ceremonies of Hymen; while Lydia, participating of the universal happiness, made a double union by giving her hand to Charles.



THE CLOSE OF LIFE.



Our life is nothing but our death begun;
As tapers waste the instant they take fire.

WHEN we contemplate the close of life; the termination of man's designs and hopes; the silence that now reigns among those who, a little while ago, were so busy, or so gay; who can avoid being touched with sensations at once awful and tender? What heart but then warms with the glow of humanity? In whose eye does not the tear gather, on revolving the fate of passing and short-lived man?

N

Behold the poor man who lays down at last the burden of his wearisome life. No more shall he groan under the load of poverty and toil. No more shall he hear the insolent calls of the master, from whom he received his scanty wages. No more shall he be raised from needful slumber on his bed of straw, nor be hurried away from his homely meal, to undergo the repeated labors of the day. While his humble grave is preparing, and a few poor and decayed neighbours are carrying him thither, it is good for us to think, that this man too was our brother; that for him the aged and destitute wife, and the needy children, now weep; that, neglected as he was by the world, he possessed perhaps both a sound understanding, and a worthy heart; and is now carried by angels to rest in Abraham's bosom.—At no great distance from him, the grave is opened to receive the rich and proud man. For, as it is said with emphasis in the parable, "the rich man also died, and was buried." He also died. His riches prevented not his sharing the same fate with the poor man; perhaps, through luxury, they accelerated his doom. Then, indeed, "the mourners go about the streets;" and while, in all the pomp and magnificence of woe, his funeral is prepared, his heirs, impatient to examine his will, are looking on one another with jealous eyes, and already beginning to dispute about the division of his substance.—One day, we see carried along the coffin of the smiling infant; the flower just nipped as it began to blossom in the parent's view: and the next day, we behold the young man, or young woman, of blooming form and promising hopes, laid in an un-

timely grave. While the funeral is attended by a numerous unconcerned company, who are discoursing to one another about the news of the day, or the ordinary affairs of life, let our thoughts rather follow to the house of mourning, and represent to themselves what is passing there. There, we should see a disconsolate family, sitting in silent grief, thinking of the sad breach that is made in their little society; and, with tears in their eyes, looking to the chamber that is now left vacant, and to every memorial that presents itself of their departed friend. By such attention to the woes of others, the selfish hardness of our hearts will be gradually softened, and melted down into humanity.

Another day, we follow to the grave, one who, in old age, and after a long career of life, has in full maturity sunk at last into rest. As we are going along to the mansion of the dead, it is natural for us to think, and to discourse, of all the changes which such a person has seen during the course of his life. He has passed, it is likely, through varieties of fortune. He has experienced prosperity, and adversity. He has seen families and kindreds rise and fall. He has seen peace and war succeeding in their turns; the face of his country undergoing many alterations; and the very city in which he dwelt rising, in a manner, new around him. After all he has beheld, his eyes are now closed forever. He was becoming a stranger in the midst of a new succession of men. A race who knew him not, had arisen to fill the earth. Thus passes the world away. Throughout all ranks and condition, "one generation passeth, and another gen-

eration cometh ;” and this great inn is by turns evacuated, and replenished, by troops of succeeding pilgrims.—O vain and inconstant world ! O fleeting and transient life ! When will the sons of men learn to think of thee, as they ought ? When will they learn humanity from the afflictions of their brethren ; or moderation and wisdom, from the sense of their own fugitive state.



ON THE JUSTICE OF PROVIDENCE IN THE DISTRIBUTION OF RICHES.

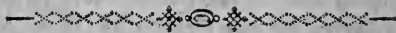


To whom can riches give repute or trust,
Content or pleasure, but the good and just ?

CHREMYLUS, who was an old and a good man, and withal exceeding poor, being desirous to leave some riches to his son, consults the oracle of Apollo upon the subject. The oracle bid him follow the first man he should see upon his going out of the temple. The person he chanced to see was to appearance an old, fordid, blind man ; but upon his following him from place to place, he at last found, by his own confession, that he was Plutus, the god of riches, and that he was just come out of the house of a miser. Plutus further told him, that when he was a boy he used to declare, that as soon as he came to age, he would distribute wealth to none but virtuous and just men ; upon which Jupiter, considering the pernicious

consequences of such a resolution, took his sight away from him; and left him to stroll about the world in the blind condition wherein Chremylus beheld him. With much ado Chremylus prevailed upon him to go to his house, where he met an old woman in a tattered raiment, who had been his guest for many years, and whose name was Poverty. The old woman refusing to turn out so readily as he would have her, he threatened to banish her, not only from his own house, but out of Greece, if she made any more words upon the matter. Poverty on this occasion pleads her cause very notably, and represents to her old landlord, that should she be driven out of the country, all their trades, arts, and sciences, would be driven out with her; and that if every one was rich, they would never be supplied with those pomps, ornaments, and conveniences of life, which made riches desirable. She likewise represented the several advantages which she bestowed upon her votaries, in regard to their shape, their health, and their activity, by preserving them from gouts, dropsies, unwieldiness, and intemperance. But whatever she had to say for herself, she was at last forced to move off. Chremylus immediately considered how he might restore Plutus to his sight; and in order to do it, conveyed him to the temple of Esculapius, who was famous for cures and miracles of this nature. By this means Plutus recovered his eyes, and began to make a right use of them, by enriching every one that was distinguished by piety towards God, and justice towards man; and at the same time by taking away his gifts from the impious and undeserving.

This produced several merry incidents till in the last act Mercury descends with great complaints from the gods, that since the good men were grown rich they had received no sacrifices, which is confirmed by a priest of Jupiter, who enters with a remonstrance, that since these late innovations he was reduced to a starving condition, and could not live upon his office. Chremylus, who in the beginning of the play was religious in his poverty, concludes with a proposal which was relished by all the good men, who were now grown rich as well as himself, (i. e.) that they should carry Plutus in solemn procession to the temple, and install him in the place of Jupiter. This allegory instructed the Athenians in two points; first, as it vindicated the conduct of Providence in its ordinary distribution of wealth; and, in the next place, as it shewed the great tendency of riches to corrupt the morals of those who possessed them.



CARAZAN'S VISION: OR, SOCIAL LOVE AND BENEFICENCE RECOMMENDED.



Grasp the whole world of reason, life, and sense,
In one close system of benevolence;
Happier, as kinder, in whate'er degree,
A height of bliss is height of charity.

CARAZAN, the merchant of Bagdat, was eminent throughout all the East for his avarice and wealth; his original is obscure as that of the spark,

which by the collision of steel and adamant is struck out of the darkness; and the patient labor of persevering diligence alone had made him rich. It was remembered, that when he was indigent he was thought to be generous; and he was still acknowledged to be inflexibly just. But whether in his dealings with men he discovered a perfidy which tempted him to put his trust in gold; or whether in proportion as he accumulated wealth, he discovered his own importance by increase, Carazan prized it more as he used it less: he gradually lost the inclination to do good, as he acquired the power; and as the hand of time scattered snow upon his head, the freezing influence extended to his bosom.

But though the door of Carazan was never opened by hospitality, nor his hand by compassion, yet fear led him constantly to the mosque at the stated hours of prayer: he performed all the rites of devotion with the most scrupulous punctuality, and he had thrice paid his vows at the temple of the Prophet. That devotion which arises from the love of God, and necessarily includes the love of man, as it connects gratitude with beneficence, and exalts that which was mortal to divine, confers new dignity upon goodness, and is the object not only of affection but of reverence. On the contrary, the devotion of the selfish, whether it be thought to avert the punishment which every one wishes to be inflicted, or to insure it by the complication of hypocrisy with guilt, never fails to excite indignation and abhorrence. Carazan, therefore, when he had locked his door, and turning round with a look of circumpective suspicion, proceeded to the mosque,

was followed by every eye with silent malignity; the poor suspended their supplications when he passed by; though he was known by every man, yet no man saluted him.

Such had long been the life of Carazan, and such was the character which he had acquired, when notice was given by proclamation, that he was removed to a magnificent building in the centre of the city; that his table should be spread for the hungry, and that the stranger should be welcome to his bed. The multitude soon rushed like a torrent to his door, where they beheld him distributing bread to the hungry, and apparel to the naked, his eye softened with compassion, and his cheeks glowing with delight. Every one gazed with astonishment at the prodigy; and the murmur of innumerable voices increasing like the sound of approaching thunder. Carazan beckoned with his hand: attention suspended the tumult in a moment; and he thus gratified the curiosity which procured him audience.

To Him who touches the mountains and they smoke, the Almighty and the most merciful, be everlasting honor!—he hath ordained sleep to be the minister of instruction, as his visions have reproved me in the night. As I was sitting alone in my Haram, with my lamp burning before me, computing the product of my merchandize, and exulting in the increase of my wealth, I fell into a deep sleep, and the hand of Him who dwells in the third heaven was upon me. I beheld the angel of death coming forward like a

whirlwind, and he smote me before I could deprecate the blow. At the same moment I found myself lifted from the ground, and transported with astonishing rapidity through the region of the air. The earth was contracted to an atom between ; and the stars glowed round me with a lustre that obscured the sun. The gate of paradise was now in sight ; and I was intercepted by a sudden brightness which no human eye could behold : the irrevocable sentence was now to be pronounced : my day of probation was past, and from the evil of my life nothing could be taken away, nor could any thing be added to the good. When I reflected that my lot for eternity was cast, which not all the powers of nature could reverse, my confidence totally forsook me ; and while I stood trembling and silent, covered with confusion, and chilled with horror, I was thus addressed by the radiance that flamed before me.

“Carazan, thy worship has not been accepted, because it was not prompted by the love of God ; neither can thy righteousness be rewarded, because it was not produced by the love of man : for thy own sake only hast thou rendered to every man his due : and thou hast approached the Almighty only for thyself. Thou hast not looked up with gratitude, nor round thee with kindness. Around thee thou hast indeed beheld vice and folly : but if vice and folly could justify thy parsimony, would they not condemn the bounty of heaven ? If not upon the foolish and the vicious, where shall the sun diffuse his light, or the clouds distil their dew ? Where shall the lips of the

spring breathe fragrance, or the hand of autumn diffuse plenty? Remember, Carazan that thou hast shut compassion from thy heart, and grasped thy treasures with a hand of iron: thou hast lived for thyself; and, therefore, henceforth forever thou shalt subsist alone. From the light of heaven, and from the society of all beings, shalt thou be driven; solitude shall protract the lingering hours of eternity, and darkness aggravate the horror of despair."

At this moment I was driven, by some secret and irresistible power, through the glowing system of creation, and passed innumerable worlds in a moment. As I approached the verge of nature, I perceived the shadows of total and boundless vacuity deepen before me, a dreadful region of eternal silence, solitude, and darkness! unutterable horror seized me at the prospect, and this exclamation burst from me with all the vehemence of desire. *Oh! that I had been doomed for ever to the common receptacle of impenitence and guilt! their society would have alleviated the torment of despair, and the rage of fire could not have excluded the comfort of light. Or, if I had been condemned to reside on a comet, that would return but once in a thousand years to the regions of light and life, the hope of these periods, however distant, would cheer me in the dreary interval of cold, and darkness, and the vicissitude would divide eternity into time.* While this thought passed over my mind, I lost sight of the remotest star, and the last glimmering of light was quenched in utter darkness. The agonies of despair increased every moment, as every moment augmented my distance from the last habitable world. I

reflected with intolerable anguish, that when ten thousand thousand years had carried me beyond the reach of all but that power who fills infinitude, I should still look forward into an immense abyfs of darknefs, through which I should still drive without fuccor and without fociety, farther and farther ftill, forever and ever. I then ftretched out my hands towards the regions of exiftence, with an emotion that awoke me. Thus have I been taught to eftimate fociety, like every other bleffing, by its lofs. My heart is warmed to liberality; and I am zealous to communicate the happinefs which I feel, to thofe from whom it is derived; for the fociety of one wretch, whom, in the pride of profperity, I would have fpurned from my door, would, in the dreadful folitude to which I was condemned, have been more highly prized than the gold of Afric, or the gems of Golconda.

At this reflection upon his dream, Carazan became fuddenly filent, and looked upwards in an ecftacy of gratitude and devotion. The multitude was ftuck at once with the precept and the example; and the Caliph, to whom the event was related, that he might be liberal beyond the power of gold, commanded it to be recorded for the benefit of pofterity.

THE PASSIONS—AN ODE.



WHEN Music, heav'nly maid ! was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The PASSIONS, oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting.
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd.
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound:
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, (for Madness rul'd the hour)
Would prove its own expressive power.

First FEAR—his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid;
And back recoil'd—he knew not why !
Ev'n at the sound himself had made.

Next ANGER rush'd—his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret stings:
With one rude clasp he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wan DESPAIR—
Low, fullen sounds, his grief beguil'd ;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air !
'Twas sad by fits—by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O HOPE ! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure ?
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail !
Still would her touch the strain prolong ;
And, from the rocks, the woods the vale,
She call'd on ECHO still through all her song.
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at ev'ry close,
And HOPE enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her gold-
en hair.

And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
REVENGE impatient rose :
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took ;
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe :
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat.
And though sometimes, each dreary pause be-
tween,
Dejected PITY, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting
from his head.

Thy numbers, JEALOUSY, to nought were fix'd;
 Sad proof of thy distressful state!
 Of different themes the veering song was mix'd;
 And now it courted Love—then, raving, call'd
 on HATE.

With eyes uprais'd, as one inspir'd;
 Pale MELANCHOLY sat retir'd;
 And, from her wild sequester'd feat,
 In notes, by distance made more sweet,
 Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul
 And, dashing soft from rocks around,
 Bubbling runnels join'd the sound.
 Through glades and glooms the mingled measure
 stole;
 Or o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
 Round an holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace and lonely musing,
 In hollow murmurs died away.
 But O how alter'd was its sprightlier tone,
 When CHEERFULNESS, a nymph of healthiest hue,
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,
 Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
 The hunter's call—to Fawn and Dryad known!
 The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-ey'd
 queen,
 Satyrs and Sylvan boys, were seen
 Peeping from forth their allies green.
 Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear;
 And Sport leap'd up, and seiz'd his beechen spear!
 Last came Joy's extatic trial:
 He, with viny crown advancing,

First to the lively pipe his hand address'd ;
But soon he saw the brisk awak'ning viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
Amidst the the festal sounding shades,
To some unweari'd minstrel dancing :

While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love fram'd with MIRTH a gay fantastic round ;
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound ;
And he amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

O Music, sphere-descended maid !
Friend of pleasure wisdom's aid,
Why, Goddess, why to us deny'd ?
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside ?
As in that lov'd Athenian bow'r,
You learn'd an all-commanding pow'r.
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd !
Can well recal what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art ?
Arise, as in that older time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime !
Thy wonders, in that godlike age,
Fill thy recording sister's page.
'Tis said—and I believe the tale—
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age ;
E'en all at once together found

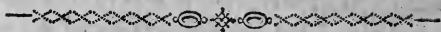
CECILIA's mingled world of sound.

O bid our vain endeavors cease !

Revive the just designs of Greece !

Return in all thy simple state :

Confirm the tales her sons relate !



ON THE HEAD-DRESS OF THE LADIES.



THERE is not so variable a thing in nature as a lady's head-dress ; within my own memory, I have known it rise and fall above thirty degrees. About ten years ago it shot up to a very great height, in so much that the female part of our species were much taller than the men. The women were of such an enormous stature, that " we appeared as grasshoppers before them." At present, the whole sex is in a manner dwarfed, and shrunk into a race of beauties that seem almost another species. I remember several ladies who were once very near seven feet high, that at present want some inches of five : how they came to be thus curtailed, I cannot learn : whether the whole sex be at present under any penance which we know nothing of, or whether they have cast their head-dresses, in order to surprise us with something in that kind which shall be entirely new ; or whether some of the tallest of the sex, being too cunning for the rest, have contrived this method to make themselves appear sizeable, is still a secret ; though I find most are of opinion, they are at present like trees new lopped and pru-

ned, that will certainly sprout out, and flourish with greater heads than before. For my own part, as I do not love to be insulted by women who are taller than myself, I admire the sex much more in their present humiliation, which has reduced them to their natural dimensions, than when they had extended their persons, and lengthened themselves out into formidable and gigantic figures, I am not for adding to the beautiful edifices of nature, nor for raising any whimsical superstructure upon her plans; I must therefore repeat it, that I am highly pleased with the coiffure now in fashion, and think it shews the good sense which at present very much reigns among the valuable part of the sex. One may observe that women in all ages have taken more pains than men to adorn the outside of their heads; and indeed I very much admire, that those architects, who raise such powerful structures out of ribands, lace, and wire, have not been recorded for their respective inventions. It is certain there have been as many orders in these kind of buildings, as in those which have been made of marble; sometimes they rise in the shape of a pyramid, sometimes like a tower, and sometimes like a steeple. In Juvenile's time, the building grew by several orders and stories, as he has very humorously described it.——

With curls on curls they build her head before,
And mount it with a formidable tow'r;
A giantess she seems; but look behind,
And then she dwindles to the pigmy kind.

But I do not remember, in any part of my reading, that the head-dress aspired to so great an extravagance, as in

the fourteenth century; when it was built up in a couple of cones or spires, which stood so excessively high on each side of the head, that a woman, who was but a pigmy without her head-dress, appeared like a Colossus upon putting it on. Monsieur Paradin says, "That these old fashioned fontages rose an ell above the head, that they were pointed like steeples, and had long loose pieces of crape fastened to the tops of them, which were curiously fringed, and hung down their backs like streamers."

The women might possibly have carried this Gothic building much higher, had not the famous monk, Thomas Connefte by name, attacked it with great zeal and resolution. This holy man travelled from place to place to preach down this monstrous com- mode; and succeeded so well in it, that, as the magicians sacrifice their books to the flames upon the preaching of an apostle, many of the women threw down their head-dress in the middle of his sermon, and made a bonfire of them within sight of the pulpit. He was so renowned, as well for the sanctity of his life as his manner of preaching, that he had often a congregation of twenty thousand people; the men placing themselves on the one side of his pulpit; and the women on the other, they appeared, to use the similitude of an ingenious writer, like a forest of cedars, with their heads reaching to the clouds. He so warmed and animated the people against this monstrous ornament, that it lay under a kind of persecution; and whenever it appeared in public, was pelted down by the rabble, who flung stones at the persons who wore it. But, notwithstanding this prodigy vanished while the

preacher was among them, it began to appear again some months after his departure, or, to tell it in Monsieur Paradin's own words, "The women, that, like snails in a fright, had drawn in their horns, shot them out again as soon as the danger was over." This extravagance of the women's head-dresses in that age is taken notice of by Monsieur d'Argentre, in the history of Bretagne, and by other historians, as well as the person I have here quoted.

It is usually observed, that a good reign is the only proper time for the making of laws against the exorbitance of power; in the same manner, an excessive head-dress may be attacked the most effectually when the fashion is against it. I do therefore recommend this paper to my female readers, by way of prevention.

I would desire the fair sex to consider how impossible it is, for them to add any thing that can be ornamental to what is already the master-piece of nature. The head has the most beautiful appearance, as well as the highest station in the human figure. Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face; She has touched it with vermillion; planted in it a double row of ivory; made it the seat of smiles and blushes; lighted it up, and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes; hung it on each side with curious organs of sense; given it airs and graces that cannot be described; and surrounded it with such a flowing shade of hair, as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light; in short, she seems to have designed the head as the cupola to the most glorious of her works; and, when we load it with such a pile of supernumerary ornaments,

we destroy the symmetry of the human figure, and foolishly contrive to call off the eye from great and real beauties, to childish gewgaws, ribands, and bonelace.

—❖—

CATHARINA ALEXOWNA.

—❖—

THE modest virgin, the prudent wife, or the careful matron, are much more serviceable in life than petticoated philosophers, blustering heroines, or virago queens. She who makes her husband and her children happy, who reclaims the one from vice, and trains up the other to virtue, is a much greater character than ladies described in romance, whose whole occupation is to murder mankind with shafts from their quiver or their eyes.—

Women, it has been observed, are not naturally formed for great cares themselves, but to soften ours. Their tenderness is the proper reward for the dangers we undergo for their preservation, and the ease and cheerfulness of their conversation, our desirable retreat from the fatigues of intense application. They are confined within the narrow limits of domestic assiduity, and when they stray beyond them, they move beyond their sphere, and consequently without grace.

Fame, therefore, has been very unjustly dispensed, among the female sex. Those who least deserve to be remembered, meet our admiration and applause; while many, who have been an honor to humanity, are passed over in silence. Perhaps no age has produc-

ed a stronger instance of misplaced fame than the present : the Semiramis and the Thalestris of antiquity are talked of, while a modern character, infinitely greater than either, is unnoticed and unknown.

Catharina Alexowna, born near Derpat, a little city in Levonia, was heir to no other inheritance than the virtues and frugality of her parents. Her father being dead, she lived with her aged mother, in their cottage covered with straw ; and both, though very poor, were very contented. Here retired from the gaze of the world, by the labor of her hands she supported her parent, who was now incapable of supporting herself. While Catharina spun, the old woman would sit by, and read some book of devotion ; thus, when the fatigues of the day were over, both would sit down contentedly by their fire-side, and enjoy the frugal meal with vacant festivity.

Though her face and person were models of perfection, yet her whole attention seemed bestowed upon her mind ; her mother taught her to read, and an old Lutheran minister instructed her in the maxims and duties of religion. Nature had furnished her not only with a ready, but a solid turn of thought, not only with a strong, but a right understanding. Such truly female accomplishments procured her several solicitations of marriage from the peasants of the country ; but their offers were refused ; for she loved her mother too tenderly to think of a separation.

Catharina was fifteen when her mother died : she now, therefore, left her cottage, and went to live with

the Lutheran minister, by whom she had been instructed from her childhood. In his house she resided, in quality of governess to his children; at once reconciling in her character unerring prudence with surprising vivacity.

The old man who regarded her as one of his own children, had her instructed in dancing, and music, by the masters who attended the rest of his family. Thus she continued to improve, till he died; by which accident she was once more reduced to her pristine poverty. The country of *Levonía* was at this time wasted by war, and lay in a most miserable state of desolation. Those calamities are ever most heavy upon the poor; wherefore *Catharina*, though possessed of so many accomplishments, experienced all the miseries of hopeless indigence. Provisions becoming every day more scarce, and her private stock being entirely exhausted, she resolved at last to travel to *Marienburg*, a city of greater plenty.

With her scanty wardrobe, packed up in a wallet, she set out on her journey, on foot. She was to walk through a region miserable by nature, but rendered still more hideous by the *Swedes* and *Russians*, who, as each happened to become masters, plundered it at discretion; but hunger had taught her to despise the dangers and fatigues of the way.

One evening, upon her journey, as she had entered a cottage by the way-side, to take up her lodgings for the night, she was insulted by two *Sweedish* soldiers who insisted upon qualifying her, as they termed it, to follow the camp. They might, probably, have

carried their insults into violence, had not a subaltern officer, accidentally passing by, come to her assistance. Upon his appearing, the soldiers immediately desisted: but her thankfulness was hardly greater than her surprise, when she instantly recollected, in her deliverer, the son of the Lutheran minister, her former instructor, benefactor and friend.

This was an happy interview for Catharina. The little stock of money she had brought from home was by this time quite exhausted; her clothes were gone, piece by piece, in order to satisfy those who had entertained her in their houses; her generous countryman, therefore, parted with what he could spare, to buy her clothes, furnished her with a horse, and gave her letters of recommendation to Mr. Gluck, a faithful friend of his father, and superintendant of Marienburgh.

Our beautiful stranger had only to appear to be well received: she was immediately admitted into the superintendant's family, as governess to his two daughters; and, though yet but seventeen, shewed herself capable of instructing her sex, not only in virtue, but politeness. Such was her good sense and beauty, that her master himself in a short time offered her his hand, which to his great surprise she thought proper to refuse. Actuated by a principle of gratitude, she was resolved to marry her deliverer only, even though he had lost an arm, and was otherwise disfigured by wounds, in the service.

In order, therefore, to prevent further solicitations

from others, as soon as the officer came to town upon duty, she offered him her person, which he accepted with transport ; and their nuptials were solemnized as usual. But all the lines of her fortune were to be striking : the very day on which they were married, the Russians laid siege to Marienburgh. The unhappy soldier had now no time to enjoy the well-earned pleasures of matrimony ; he was called off before consummation to an attack, from which he was never after seen to return.

In the mean time, the siege went on with fury, aggravated on one side by obstinacy, on the other by revenge. This war between the two northern powers at that time was truly barbarous ; the innocent peasant and the harmless virgin often shared the fate of the soldier in arms. Marienburgh was taken by assault ; and such was the fury of the assailants, that not only the garrison, but almost all the inhabitants, men, women, and children, were put to the sword. At length, when the carnage was pretty well over, Catharina was found hid in an oven.

She had been hitherto poor, but still was free ; she was now to conform to her hard fate, and learn what it was to be a slave : in this situation, however, she behaved with piety and humility ; and, though misfortunes had abated her vivacity, yet she was cheerful. The fame of her merit and resignation reached even Prince Menzikoff, the Russian General : he desired to see her, was struck with her beauty, bought her from the soldier, her master, and placed her under the direc-

tion of his own sister. Here she was treated with all the respect which her merit deserved, while her beauty every day improved with her good fortune.

She had not been long in this situation when Peter the Great paying the Prince a visit, Catharina happened to come in with some dry fruits, which she served round with peculiar modesty. The mighty monarch saw, and was struck with her beauty. He returned the next day, called for the beautiful slave, asked her several questions, and found her understanding even more perfect than her person.

He had been forced, when young, to marry from motives of interest; he was now resolved to marry pursuant to his own inclinations. He immediately enquired the history of the fair Levonian, who was not yet eighteen. He traced her through the vale of obscurity, through all the vicissitudes of her fortune, and found her truly great in them all. The meanness of her birth was no obstruction to his design; their nuptials were solemnized in private: the Prince assuring his courtiers, that virtue alone was the properest ladder to a throne.

We now see Catharina, from the low, mud-walled cottage, Empress of the greatest kingdom upon earth. The poor solitary wanderer is now surrounded by thousands, who find happiness in her smile. She who formerly wanted a meal, is now capable of diffusing plenty upon whole nations. To her fortune she owed a part of this pre-eminence, but to her virtues more.

She ever after retained those great qualities which first placed her on a throne ; and while the extraordinary prince, her husband, labored for the reformation of his male subjects, she studied, in her turn, the improvement of her own sex. She altered their dresses, introduced mixed assemblies, instituted an order of female knighthood ; and, at length, when she had greatly filled all the stations of empress, friend, wife, and mother, bravely died without regret—regretted by all.



ON SPENDING TIME.



Live well, and then how soon soe'er you die,
Thou art of age to claim Eternity.

THE human species only, to the great reproach of our nature, are filled with complaints, that the day hangs heavy on them, that they do not know what to do with themselves, that they are at a loss how to pass away their time, with many of the like shameful murmurs, which we often find in the mouths of those who are styled reasonable beings. How monstrous are such expressions among creatures who have the labors of the mind, as well as those of the body, to furnish them with proper employment ; who, besides the business of their respective callings and professions, can apply themselves to the duties of religion, to meditation, to the reading of useful books, and to discourse;

in a word, who may exercise themselves in the unbounded pursuits of knowledge and virtue, and every hour of their lives make themselves wiser or better than they were before.

After having for some time been taken up with this course of thought, I diverted myself with a book, according to my usual custom, in order to unbend my mind before I went to sleep. The book I made use of on this occasion was Lucian, where I amused my thoughts for about an hour among the dialogues of the dead, which, in all probability, produced the following dream :

I was conveyed, methought, into the entrance of the infernal regions, where I saw Rhadamanthus, one of the judges of the dead, seated in his tribunal. On his left hand stood the keeper of Erebus, on his right hand the keeper of Elysium. I was told he sat judge on women that day, there being several of the sex lately arrived, who had not yet their mansions assigned them. I was surprised to hear him ask every one of them the same question, What they had been doing? Upon this question being proposed to the whole assembly, they stared upon one another, as not knowing what to answer. He then interrogated each of them separately. Madam, says he to the first of them, you have been upon the earth about fifty years : what have you been doing there all this while? Doing! says she, really I do not know what I have been doing : I desire I may have time given me to recollect. After about half an hour's pause, she told him she had been playing at crimp ; upon which Rhadamanthus beckoned to the keeper on his left hand to take her

into custody. And you, Madam, says the judge, who look with such a soft and languishing air, I think you set out for this place in your nine and twentieth year, what have you been doing all this while? I had a great deal of business on my hands, says she, being taken up the first twelve years of my life in dressing a jointed baby, and the remaining part of it in reading plays and romances. Very well, says he, you have employed your time to good purpose: away with her. The next was a plain country woman: well, mistress, says Rhadamanthus, and what have you been doing? If it please your Worship, says she, I did not live quite forty years; and in that time brought my husband seven daughters, made him nine thousand cheeses, and left my eldest girl with him, to look after his house in my absence, and who I may venture to say is as pretty a house-wife as any in the country. Rhadamanthus smiled at the simplicity of the good woman, and ordered the keeper of Elysium to take her into his care. And you, fair lady, says he, what have you been doing these five and thirty years? I have been doing no hurt, Sir, I assure you, said she. That is well says he; but what good have you been doing? The lady was in great confusion at this question, and not knowing what to answer, the two keepers leaped out to seize her at the same time; the one took her by the hand to convey her to Elysium, the other caught hold of her to carry her away to Erebus. But Rhadamanthus observing an ingenuous modesty in her countenance and behaviour, bid them both let her loose, and set her aside for re-examination when he was more at leisure. An old woman, of a proud and sour look,

presented herself next to the bar, and being asked what she had been doing? Truly, says she, I lived threescore and ten years in a very wicked world, and was so angry at the behaviour of a parcel of young flirts, that I past most of my last years in condemning the follies of the times: I was every day blaming the silly conduct of the people about me, in order to deter those I conversed with from falling into the like errors and miscarriages. Very well, says Rhadamanthus, but did you keep the same watchful eye over your own actions? Why, truly, says she, I was so taken up with publishing the faults of others, that I had not time to consider my own. Madam, says Rhadamanthus, be pleased to file off to the left, and make room for the venerable matron that stands behind you. Old gentlewoman, says he, I think you are fourscore: you have heard the question, what have you been doing so long in the world? Ah, Sir! says she, I have been doing what I should not have done; but I had made a firm resolution to have changed my life, if I had not been snatched off by an untimely end. Madam, says he, you will please to follow your leader; and spying another of the same age, interrogated her in the same form. To whom the matron replied, I have been the wife of a husband, who was as dear to me in his old age as in his youth. I have been a mother, and very happy in my children, whom I endeavored to bring up in every thing that was good. My eldest son is blessed by the poor, and beloved by every one that knows him. I lived within my own family, and left it much more wealthy than I found it. Rhada-

manthus who knew the value of the old lady, smiled upon her in such a manner, that the keeper of Elysium, who knew his office, reached out his hand to her. He no sooner touched her, but her wrinkles vanished, her eyes sparkled, her cheeks glowed with blushes, and she appeared in full beauty. A young woman observing, that this officer who conducted the happy to Elysium, was so great a beautifier, longed to be in his hands; so that pressing through the crowd, she was the next who appeared at the bar. And being asked, what she had been doing the five and twenty years she had been in the world, I have endeavored, says she, ever since I came to years of discretion, to make myself lovely, and gain admirers. In order to it, I passed my time in bottling up May dew, inventing white washes, mixing colors, cutting out patches, consulting my glass, suiting my complexion, tearing off my tucker, sinking my stays.—Rhadamanthus, without hearing her out, gave the sign to take her off. Upon the approach of the keeper of Erebus, her color faded, her face puckered up with wrinkles, and her whole person was lost in deformity.

I was then surprised with a distant sound of a whole troop of females that came forward laughing, singing, and dancing. I was very desirous to know the reception they would meet with, and withal was very apprehensive that Rhadamanthus would spoil their mirth: but at their nearer approach, the noise grew so very great that it awakened me.

I lay some time, reflecting in myself on the oddness of this dream, and could not forbear asking my own

heart what I was doing? I answered myself, that I was writing guardians. If my readers make as good a use of this work as I design they should, I hope it will never be imputed to me as a work that is vain and unprofitable.

I shall conclude with recommending to them the same short self-examination. If every one of them frequently lays his hand upon his heart, and considers what he is doing, it will check him in all the idle, or, what is worse, the vicious moments of life; lift up his mind when it is running on in a series of indifferent actions, and encourage him when he is engaged in those that are virtuous and laudable. In a word; it will very much alleviate that guilt which the best of men have reason to acknowledge in their daily confessions, of leaving undone those things which they ought to have done, and of doing those things which they ought not to have done.



RELIGION AND DEATH.



LO! a form divinely bright
Descends, and bursts upon my sight;
A seraph of illustrious birth!
(Religion was her name on earth;)
Supremely sweet her radiant face,
And blooming with celestial grace!
Three shining cherubs form'd her train,

Wav'd their light wings, and reach'd the plain.
Faith, with sublime and piercing eye,
And pinions flutt'ring for the sky;
Here Hope, that smiling angel, stands,
And golden anchors grace her hands;
There Charity, in robes of white,
Fairest and fav'rite maid of light;

The seraph spoke—" 'Tis Reason's part
To govern and to guard the heart;
To lull the wayward soul to rest,
When hopes and fears distract the breast.
Reason may calm this doubtful strife,
And steer thy bark through various life:
But when the storms of death are nigh,
And midnight darkness veils the sky,
Shall Reason then direct thy sail,
Disperse the clouds, or sink the gale?
Stranger, this skill alone is mine,
Skill that transcends his scanty line."

"Revere thyself—thou'rt near allied
To angels on thy better side.
How various e'er their ranks or kinds,
Angels are but unbodied minds:
When the partition-walls decay,
Men emerge angels from their clay.
Yes, when the frailer body dies,
The soul asserts her kindred skies.
But minds, though sprung from heav'nly race,
Must first be tutor'd for the place:
The joys above are understood,
And relish'd only by the good.
Who shall assume this guardian care;
Who shall secure their birth-right there?"

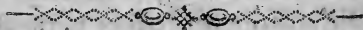
Souls are my charge—to me 'tis giv'n
To train them for their native heav'n."

"Know then—who bow the early knee,
And give the willing heart to me ;
Who wisely, when Temptation waits,
Elude her frauds, and spurn her baits ;
Who dare to own my injur'd cause,
Though fools deride my sacred laws ;
Or scorn to deviate to the wrong,
Though Persecution lifts her thong ;
Though all the sons of hell conspire
To raise the stake and light the fire ;
Know, that for such superior souls,
There lies a bliss beyond the poles ;
Where spirits shine with purer ray,
And brighten to meridian day ;
Where love, where boundless friendship rules,
(No friends that change, no love that cools ;)
Where rising floods of knowledge roll,
And pour, and pour upon the soul !"

"But where's the passage to the skies ?
The road through Death's black valley lies
Nay, do not shudder at my tale ;
Tho' dark the shades, yet safe the vale.
'This path the best of men have trod ;
And who'd decline the road to God ?
Oh, 'tis a glorious boon to die !
This favor can't be priz'd too high."

While thus she spoke, my looks express'd
The raptures kindling in my breast ;
My soul a fix'd attention gave ;
When the stern Monarch of the Grave

With haughty strides approach'd—amaz'd
 I stood and trembled as I gaz'd.
 The seraph calm'd each anxious fear,
 And kindly wip'd the falling tear ;
 Then hasten'd with expanded wing
 To meet the pale, terrific king.
 But now what milder scenes arise !
 The tyrant drops his hostile guise ;
 He seems a youth divinely fair,
 His graceful ringlets wave his hair ;
 His wings their whit'ning plumes display,
 His burnish'd plumes reflect the day ;
 Light flows his shining azure vest,
 And all the angel stands confess'd.
 I view'd the change with sweet surprise ;
 And, Oh ! I panted for the skies ;
 Thank'd Heav'n, that e'er I drew my breath ;
 And triumph'd in the thoughts of Death.



CHARGE DELIVERED BY PRESIDENT
 MAXCY, TO THE GRADUATES OF THE
 COLLEGE, RHODE ISLAND, SEPT. 4,
 1793.



ADVICE from the young appears like
 an intrusion on the rights of age and experience. It
 is not, therefore, without the most anxious concern
 that I rise to address you ; especially when I consider

the splendid abilities of those great men, who on similar occasions have stood in this place. They needed not for an apology the admonition of Paul, "Let no man despise thy youth."

The attachment, to which your conduct has given birth, forbids me to let you depart without expressing my solicitude for your welfare. This day presents to you a new scene of things. It brings you from the retreats of science, and places you on the theatre of action. It commences your public existence. As the first impressions which your abilities and conduct will make on the minds of men will be lasting, it will be your interest to be careful that they be favorable. Errors in conduct, when you are first thrown on the public eye, will be critically noted; and, of consequence, will create prejudices, which in any subsequent period of life a knowledge of your abilities would prevent. Hence you cannot be too solicitous after the advice of aged, experienced men. You cannot be too anxious to know your duty, nor too active to perform it. A fear to do wrong, and a desire to do right, are brilliant traits in the character of the young. In the first part of life, when our passions are winged with fire, we are too apt to despise counsel, and to follow our own rash resolutions. Hence we unavoidably run into errors, because destitute of that knowledge which nothing but experience can give, and careless of those rules of life which nothing but the wisdom of age can form, and nothing but the rashness of youth would reject.

When you engage in the businesses of life, you will have to deal with men. The ideas you have formed,

in retirement, of the manners of the world, and the principles of human action, it is probable are very erroneous. Time and experience only can correct them. What is commonly called the knowledge of the world, of which so many boast, is nothing more than the acquirement of its deceitful manners, and the practice of its polite vices. To travel many countries, to see many people, these are highly desirable; but these, without reflection, without deep study and accurate observation, instead of making a man of merit, will only make a splendid fop. You must learn to read men as well as books, but read books first. Human nature is a regular, though complicated machine. It can be learned by its operations only. Unless you know the springs by which it is moved, you can never manage it to advantage. He will gain his point most effectually, and govern men best, who possesses such a ductility of disposition, as will enable him to enter into the circumstances, to survey in a true light the interests, and to realize the feelings of others. In society, you will be connected with men of different characters, dispositions and pursuits. You will find many ignorant and unreasonable; many who are well informed, and a few religious; but none who are not fond of applause, and desirous of superiority. If you can get into your hand the hopes and fears of men, you can do as you please.

Perhaps the splendid abilities and extensive acquirements of some, may, on particular occasions, create a temporary discouragement, and deter you from that proficiency which would render you useful, though it

might not gratify your ambition. But you will do well to remember, that true greatness, and real excellency, consist neither in the excessive splendor, nor in the occasional displays of genius. Men whose souls are winged with lightning, are ever soaring above the sphere of useful employment. The fierce ardor of their spirit disdains attention to the ordinary duties and businesses of life, from which human prosperity and happiness principally result. They appear to be formed and designed for nothing but extraordinary occasions. The untameable wildness of their minds fits them to dwell in the tempest and whirlwind.

Than envy these, rather envy the virtuous, good, honest man. Men who possess talents a little above mediocrity, generally make the greatest proficiency in learning, and render it the most useful.

The benefits accruing from education are not confined to the present world. As they belong to the soul, they respect immortality. Since the capacity of the mind may be enlarged, and its powers rendered more vigorous by exercise, it appears susceptible of an endless progression in improvement. Much is left to your own exertions. God has given you talents, but he has given them, as he has every thing else to be improved. Consider nothing as giving you a respectable superiority but real learning and piety. Remember that all kinds of superiority not originating in these, are vain, transitory, uncertain; and that, if the causes which produce do not destroy them, death certainly will. But as learning and piety belong to the soul, they give a superiority that will survive the ruin;

of death ; a superiority that will afford permanent satisfaction, and increase as the soul progresses in existence. In your farther acquirements, therefore, in literature, consider yourselves as ennobling your natures, and already treading on the ground of immortality. That vain superiority which arises from false notions of honor, from nobility of birth, or the possession of wealth, is truly contemptible : but that which arises from personal merit, from real excellency of character, is truly laudable, and worthy the most exalted ambition.

Seek the greatest attainable things in this world, but always seek greater in the next. Should your situation ever be exalted, you will be the more exposed ; you must therefore be the more humble and prudent. The road which leads to the temple of honor is steep and slippery. Would you enter there ? be careful how you walk. The higher you ascend, the greater will be your disgrace and ruin, if you fall.

Never seek after fame ; for if you deserve it, it will follow you. Be your merit ever so great, yet you cannot expect true fame, while envy can hope to injure you. “ The sun of glory never shines but on the tombs of the great.”

Never suffer yourselves to form a judgment either of men or things, while you are under the influence either of prejudice or passion. These put out the eyes of reason. Give due praise to merit, whether in your friends or enemies.

You come forward into life in an æra full of events, which will astonish and rejoice posterity. Man is rap-

idly ascending to that dignified station for which he was designed by the God of nature. The sun of liberty shines bright. His beams flame through imprisoned kingdoms, to enlighten the eyes, and cheer the hearts of enslaved millions. That bright æra begins to dawn, when peace shall diffuse her mild influence through every heart, subjecting every hostile passion, and cementing all nations in one great family of brothers. Then the heart of the soldier will not leap at the sound of war, nor the eye of the orphan float in tears for the loss of a father slain in battle. Liberty will then be unconfined as air, and glorious as that heaven to which she tends. That fair goddess will descend in all her charms, and in one fostering grasp embrace every son of Adam. Perhaps you may live to see the glories of a kingdom, whose duration will be that of eternity.

Here let me caution you against infidelity. Be not deceived, merely because some great men have been. But if infidelity can boast great names, Christianity much greater. Amidst the blaze of evidence in favor of revelation, it requires more faith to be an infidel than would make a complete Christian.

Be careful not to choose your particular mode of religion in too much haste. Bigots are as often made by a sudden adoption of particular sentiments, as by superstition. Neither is worthy a wise man, and both are disgraceful to a Christian. The more you examine, the more reason you will find for deferring an absolute decision respecting particular systems of reli-

gion ; the more room you will find for charity, and consequently more for true religion.

As soon as men fancy themselves infallible, imagining that God smiles on them, and frowns on their neighbours, they exclude charity, and commonly good manners.—You will do well to remember, that men's characters are not ascertained in the sight of God by the particular sentiments they adopt ; for many men, who have very bad heads, have very good hearts.

Be strictly just in all your dealings with men. God has planted a sense of justice in your natures. This you cannot violate without an essential injury to yourselves. No man can hurt another, without hurting himself at the same time.

Do good to all ; for by so doing, you will do the greatest good to yourselves. Pursue a uniform course of virtuous conduct. This will unavoidably lead you to eminence. In such a country as this, true merit cannot fail to distinguish you ; for, like the sun, it will always carry its own light with it.

Time now requires me to part with you, I sincerely wish you much happiness ; and shall rejoice to find that you are useful and ornamental to your country.

THE ROSE.



THE rose had been wash'd, just wash'd in a shower,
Which Mary to Anna convey'd ;
The plentiful moisture encumber'd the flower,
And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,
And it seem'd to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left with regret,
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seiz'd it, unfit as it was
For a nosegay, so dripping and drown'd ;
And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas !
I snapp'd it—it fell to the ground.

And such, I exclaim'd, is the pitiless part,
Some act by the delicate mind,
Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart,
Already to sorrow resign'd.

This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
Might have bloom'd with its owner a-while ;
And the tear that is wip'd with a little address,
May be follow'd perhaps by a smile.

THE CAPTIVE.



I SAT down close to my table ; and, leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it ; and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow creatures born to no inheritance but slavery : but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groupes in it did but distract me—I took a single CAPTIVE ; and, having first shut him up in his dungeon, I looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from “ hope deferred.” Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish.—In thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood :—he had seen no sun, no moon in all that time, nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice. His children—but here my heart began to bleed, and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting on the ground, upon a little straw, in the farthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed. A little calander of small

sticks were laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there. He had one of these little sticks in his hand ; and, with a rusty nail, he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door—then cast it down—shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle.—He gave a deep sigh—I saw the iron enter his soul—I burst into tears—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.



THE MOUSE'S PETITION.



OH ! hear a pensive prisoner's prayer,
 For liberty that sighs :
 And never let thine heart be shut
 Against the wretch's cries,
 For here forlorn and sad I sit,
 Within the wiry grate :
 And tremble at th' approaching morn,
 Which brings impending fate.
 If e'er thy breast with freedom glow'd,
 And spurn'd a tyrant's chain,
 Let not thy strong oppressive force
 A free born mouse detain.

Oh! do not stain with guiltless blood
Thy hospitable hearth :
Nor triumph that thy wiles betray'd
A prize so little worth.

The scatter'd gleanings of a feast
My frugal Meals supply ;
But if thine unrelenting heart
That slender boon deny.

The cheerful light, the vital air,
Are blessings widely given ;
Let nature's commoners enjoy
The common gifts of heaven.

The well taught philosophic mind
To all compassion gives ;
Casts round the world an equal eye,
And feels for all that lives.

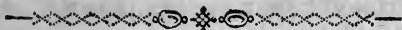
If mind, as ancient sages taught,
A never dying flame,
Still shifts through matter's varying forms,
And every form the same.

Beware, lest in the worm you crush,
A brother's soul you find ;
And tremble lest thy luckless hand
Dislodge a kindred mind.

Or, if this transient gleam of day,
Be all of life we share,
Let pity plead within thy breast,
That little all to spare.

So may thy hospitable board
With health and peace be crown'd ;
And every charm of heart felt ease
Beneath thy roof be found.

So when destruction lurks unseen,
Which men like mice may share,
May some kind angel clear thy path,
And break the hidden snare.



THE STORY OF FATHER NICHOLAS.



IT was at a small town in Brittany, in which there was a convent of Benedictines, where particular circumstances had induced me to take up my residence for a few weeks. They had some pictures which strangers used to visit. I went with a party whose purpose was to look at them; mine in such places is rather to look at men. If in the world we behold the shifting scene which prompts observation, we see in such secluded societies a sort of still life, which nourishes thought, which gives subject for meditation. I confess however I have often been disappointed ; I have seen a group of faces under their cowls, on which speculation could build nothing ; mere common-place countenances, which might have equally well belonged to a corporation of bakers or butchers. Most of those in the convent I now visited were of that kind : one however was of a very superior order ; that of a monk,

who kneeled at a distance from the altar, near a Gothic window, through the painted panes of which a gleamy light touched his forehead, and threw a dark Rembrandt shade on the hollow of a large, black, melancholy eye. It was impossible not to take notice of him. He looked up, involuntarily no doubt, to a picture of our Saviour bearing his cross. The similarity of the attitude, and the quiet resignation of the two countenances, formed a resemblance that could not but strike every one. "It is Father Nicholas," whispered our conductor, "who is of all the brotherhood the most rigid to himself, and the kindest to other men. To the distressed, to the sick, and to the dying, he is always ready to administer assistance and consolation. Nobody ever told him a misfortune in which he did not take an interest, or request good offices which he refused to grant: yet the austerity and mortifications of his own life are beyond the strictest rules of his order; and it is only from what he does for others that one supposes him to feel any touch of humanity." The subject seemed to make our informer eloquent. I was young, curious, enthusiastic; it sunk into my heart, and I could not rest till I was made acquainted with Father Nicholas. Whether from the power of the introduction I procured, from his own benevolence, or from my deportment, the good man looked on me with the complacency of a parent. "It is not usual," said he, "my son, for people at your age to solicit acquaintance like mine. To you the world is in its prime; why should you anticipate its decay? Gaiety and cheerfulness spring up around you; why should you seek out the abodes of melan-

choly and woe? Yet though dead to the pleasures, I am not insensible to the charities of life. I feel your kindness, and wish for an opportunity to requite it."—He perceived my turn for letters, and shewed me some curious MSS. and some scarce books, which belonged to their convent: these were not the communications I sought; accident gave me an opportunity of obtaining the knowledge of Father Nicholas, the story of his sorrows, the cause of his austerities.

One evening when I entered his cell, after knocking at the door without being heard, I perceived him kneeling before a crucifix, to which was affixed a small picture, which I took to be that of the Blessed Virgin. I stood behind him, uncertain whether I should wait the close of his devotional exercise, or retire unperceived as I came. His face was covered with his hand, and I heard his stifled groans. A mixture of compassion and of curiosity fixed me to my place. He took his hands from his eyes with a quickened movement, as if a pang had forced them thence: He laid hold of the picture, which he kissed twice, pressed it to his bosom; and then gazing on it earnestly burst into tears. After a few moments, he clasped his hands together, threw a look up to heaven, and muttering some words which I could not hear, drew a deep sigh, which seemed to close the account of his sorrows for the time, and rising from his knees, discovered me. I was ashamed of my situation, and stammered out some apology for my unintentional interruption of his devotions.—“Alas! (said he), be not deceived; these are not the tears of devotion; not the meltings of piety, but the wringings of remorse.

Perhaps, young man, it may stand thee to be told the story of my sufferings and my sins: ingenuous as thy nature seems, it may be exposed to temptations like mine; it may be the victim of laudable feelings perverted, of virtue betrayed, of false honor, and mistaken shame."

My name is St. HUBERT; my family ancient and respectable, though its domains, from various untoward events, had been contracted much within their former extent. I lost my father before I knew the misfortune of losing him; and the indulgence of my mother, who continued a widow, made up in the estimation of a young man, for any want of that protection or of guidance which another parent might have afforded. After having passed with applause through the ordinary studies which the capital of our province allowed an opportunity of acquiring, my mother sent me to Paris, along with the son of a neighbouring family, who, though of less honorable descent, was much richer than ours. Young Delaferre (that was my companion's name) was intended for the army: me, from particular circumstances, which promised success in that line, my mother and her friends had destined for the long robe, and had agreed for the purchase of a charge for me when I should be qualified for it. Delaferre had a sovereign contempt for any profession but that of arms, and took every opportunity of inspiring me with the same sentiments. In the capital I had this prejudice every day more and more confirmed. The *fierte* of every man who had served, the insolent superiority he claimed over his fel-

low-citizens, dazzled my ambition, and awed my bashfulness. From nature I had that extreme sensibility of shame, which could not stand against the ridicule even of much inferior men. Ignorance would often confound me in matters of which I was perfectly well informed, from his superior effrontery; and the best established principles of my mind would sometimes yield to the impudence of assuming sophistry, or of unblushing vice. To the profession which my relations had marked out for me, attention, diligence, and sober manners were naturally attached; having once set down that profession as humiliating, I concluded its attendant qualities to be equally dishonorable. I was ashamed of virtues to which I was naturally inclined; a bully in vices which I hated and despised. Delaferre enjoyed my apostacy from innocence as a victory he had gained. At school he was much my inferior, and I attained every mark of distinction to which he had aspired in vain. In Paris he triumphed in his turn; his superior wealth enabled him to command the appearances of superior dignity and show; the cockade in his hat inspired a confidence which my situation did not allow; and, bold as he was in dissipation and debauchery, he led me as an inferior whom he had taught the art of living, whom he had first trained to independence and to manhood. My mother's ill-judged kindness supplied me with the means of those pleasures which my companions induced me to share, if pleasures they might be called, which I often partook with uneasiness, and reflected on with remorse. Sometimes, though but too seldom, I was

supposed to feel. I proposed our removing for some weeks to Paris, where she might have abler assistance than our province could afford in those moments of danger which she soon expected. To this she objected with earnestness, from a variety of motives; but most of my neighbours applauded my resolution; and one, who was the nephew of a Farmer-General, and had purchased the estate on which his father had been a tenant, told me, the danger from their country accoucheurs was such, that nobody who could afford to go to Paris would think of trusting them. I was a little tender on the reproach of poverty, and absolutely determined for the journey. To induce my wife's consent, I had another pretext, being left executor to a friend who had died in Paris, and had effects remaining there. Emilia at last consented, and we removed to town accordingly.

For some time I scarcely ever left our hotel: It was the same at which Emilia and her father had lodged when he came to Paris to die, and leave her to my love. The recollection of those scenes, tender and interesting as they were, spread a sort of melancholy indulgence over our mutual society, by which the company of any third person could scarcely be brooked. My wife had some of those sad presages which women of her sensibility often feel in the condition she was then in. All my attention and solicitude were excited to combat her fears. "I shall not live," she would say, "to revisit Santonges; but my Henry will think of me there. In those woods in which we have so often walked, by that brook to the fall of which

we have listened together, and felt in silence what language, at least what mine, my love, could not speak."—The good father was overpowered by the tenderness of the images, that rushed upon his mind, and tears for a moment choaked his utterance. After a short space he began, with a voice faltering and weak :

—Pardon the emotion that stopped my recital. You pity me ; but it is not always that my tears are of so gentle a kind ; the images her speech recalled softened my feelings into sorrow ; but I am not worthy of them.—Hear the confession of my remorse.

The anxiety of my Emilia was at last dissipated by her safe delivery of a boy ; and on this object of a new kind of tenderness we gazed with inexpressible delight. Emilia suckled the infant herself, as well from the idea of duty and of pleasure in tending it, as from the difficulty of finding in Paris a nurse to be trusted. We proposed returning to the country as soon as the re-establishment of her strength would permit : mean time, during her hours of rest, I generally went out to finish the business which the trust of my deceased friend had devolved upon me.

In passing through the Thuilleries, in one of those walks, I met my old companion Delasferre. He embraced me with a degree of warmth which I scarce expected from my knowledge of his disposition, or the length of time for which our correspondence had been broken off. He had heard, he said, accidentally of

my being in town, but had sought me for several days in vain. In truth, he was of all men one whom I was the most afraid of meeting. I had heard in the country of his unbounded dissipation and extravagance; and there were some stories to his prejudice which were only not believed, from an unwillingness to believe them in people whom the corruptions of the world had not familiarised to baseness; yet I found he still possessed a kind of superiority over my mind, which I was glad to excuse, by forcing myself to think him less unworthy than he was reported. After a variety of enquiries, and expressing his cordial satisfaction at the present happiness I enjoyed, he pressed me to spend that evening with him so earnestly, that though I had made it a sort of rule to be at home, I was ashamed to offer an apology, and agreed to meet him at the hour he appointed.

Our company consisted only of Delasferre himself, and two other officers, one a good deal older than any of us, who had the Cross of St. Louis, and the rank of Colonel, whom I thought the most agreeable man I had ever met with. The unwillingness with which I had left home, and the expectation of a very different sort of party where I was going, made me feel the present one doubly pleasant. My spirits, which were rather low when I went in, from that constraint I was prepared for, rose in proportion to the pleasantry around me, and the perfect ease in which I found myself with this old officer who had information, wit, sentiment, every thing I valued most, and every thing I least expected in a society selected by Delasferre. It

was late before we parted ; and at parting I received, not without pleasure, an invitation from the Colonel to sup with him the evening after.

The company at his house I found enlivened by his sister and a friend of her's, a widow, who, though not a perfect beauty, had a countenance that impressed one much more in her favor than mere beauty could. When silent, there was a certain softness in it infinitely bewitching ; and when it was lightened up by the expression which her conversation gave, it was equally attractive. We happened to be placed next each other. Unused as I was to the little gallantries of fashionable life, I rather wished than hoped to make myself agreeable to her. She seemed, however interested in my attentions and conversation, and in hers I found myself flattered at the same time and delighted. We played, against the inclination of this lady and me, and we won rather more than I wished. Had I been as rich as Delaferre, I should have objected to the deepness of the stakes ; but we were the only persons of the company that seemed uneasy at our success, and we parted with the most cordial good humor. Madame de Trenville (that was the widow's name,) smiling to the Colonel, asked him to take his revenge at her house, and said, with an air of equal modesty and frankness, that as I had been the partner of her success, she hoped for the honor of my company, to take the chance of sharing a less favorable fortune.

At first my wife had expressed her satisfaction at my finding amusement in society, to relieve the duty of attending her. But when my absence grew very

frequent, as indeed I was almost every day at Madame de Trenville's, though her words continued the same, she could not help expressing by her countenance her dissatisfaction at my absence. I perceived this at first with tenderness only; and next evening excused myself from keeping my engagement. But I found my wife's company not what it used to be; thoughtful, but afraid to trust one another with our thoughts, Emilia shewed her uneasiness in her looks; and I covered mine but ill with an assumed gaiety of appearance.

The day following, Delasferre called, and saw Emilia for the first time. He rallied me gently for breaking my last night's appointment, and told me of another which he had made for me, which my wife insisted on my keeping. Her cousin applauded her conduct, and joked on the good government of wives. Before I went out in the evening I came to wish Emilia good night. I thought I perceived a tear on her cheek, and would have staid, but for the shame of not going. The company perceived my want of gaiety, and Delasferre was merry on the occasion. Even my friend the Colonel, threw in a little raillery on the subject of marriage. 'Twas the first time I felt somewhat awkward at being the only married man of the party.

We played deeper and sat later than formerly; but I was to shew myself not afraid of my wife, and objected to neither. I lost considerably, and returned home mortified and chagrined. I saw Emilia next

morning, whose spirits were not high. Methought her looks reproached my conduct, and I was enough in the wrong to be angry that they did so. Delaferre came to take me to his house to dinner. He observed as we went, that Emilia looked ill. "Going to the country will re-establish her," said I.—"Do you leave Paris?"—said he.—"In a few days."—"Had I such motives for remaining in it as you have." "What motives?"—"The attachment of such friends: but friendship is a cold word; the attachment of such a woman as De Trenville." I know not how I looked, but he pressed the subject no farther; perhaps I was less offended than I ought to have been.

We went to that lady's house after dinner. She was dressed most elegantly, and looked more beautiful than ever I had seen her. The party was more numerous than usual, and there was more vivacity in it. The conversation turned upon my intention of leaving Paris; the ridicule of country-manners, of country-opinions, of the insipidity of country-enjoyments, was kept up with infinite spirit by Delaferre, and most of the younger members of the company. Madame de Trenville did not join in their mirth, and sometimes looked at me as if the subject was too serious for her to be merry on. I was half ashamed and half sorry that I was going to the country; less uneasy than vain at the preference that was shown me.

I was a coward, however, in the wrong as well as in the right, and fell upon an expedient to screen myself from a discovery that might have saved me. I con-

trived to deceive my wife, and to conceal my visits to Madame de Trenville's, under the pretence of some perplexing incidents that had arisen in the management of those affairs with which I was intrusted. Her mind was too pure for suspicion or for jealousy. It was easy even for a novice in falsehood, like me, to deceive her. But I had an able assistant in Delasferre, who now resumed the ascendancy over me he had formerly possessed, but with an attraction more powerful, from the infatuated attachment which my vanity and weakness, as much as her art and beauty, had made me conceive for Madame de Trenville.

It happened, that just at this time, a young man arrived from our province, and brought letters for Emilia from a female friend of hers in the neighbourhood of Santonges. He had been bred a miniature-painter, and came to town for improvement in his art. Emilia, who doted on her little boy, proposed to him to draw his picture in the innocent attitude of his sleep. The young painter was pleased with the idea, provided she would allow him to paint the child in her arms. This was to be concealed from me, for the sake of surprising me with the picture when it should be finished. That she might have a better opportunity of effecting this little concealment, Emilia would often hear, with a sort of satisfaction, my engagements abroad, and encourage me to keep them, that the picture might advance in my absence.

She knew not what, during that absence, was my employment. The slave of vice and of profusion, I

was violating my faith to her, in the arms of the most artful and worthless of women, and losing the fortune that should have supported my child and hers, to a set of cheats and villains. Such was the snare that Delaferre and his associates had drawn around me. It was covered with the appearance of love and generosity. De Trenville had art enough to make me believe, that she was every way the victim of her affection for me. My first great losses at play she pretended to reimburse from her own private fortune, and then threw herself upon my honor, for relief from those distresses into which I had brought her. After having exhausted all the money I possessed, and all my credit could command, I would have stopped short of ruin; but when I thought of returning in disgrace and poverty to the place I had left respected and happy, I had not resolution enough to retreat. I took refuge in desperation, mortgaged the remains of my estate, and staked the produce to recover what I had lost, or to lose myself. The event was such as might have been expected.

After the dizzy horror of my situation had left me power to think, I hurried to Madame de Trenville's. She gave me such a reception as suited one who was no longer worth the deceiving. Conviction of her falsehood, and of that ruin to which she had been employed to lead me, flashed upon my mind. I left her with execrations, which she received with the coolness of hardened vice, of experienced seduction. I rushed from her house I knew not whither. My steps involuntarily led me home. At my own door I stopped,

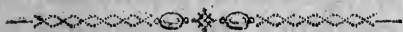
as if it had been death to enter. When I had shrunk back some paces, I turned again ; twice did I attempt to knock, and could not ; my heart throbbed with unspeakable horror, and my knees smote each other. It was night, and the street was dark and silent around me. I threw myself down before the door, and wished some ruffian's hand to ease me of life and thought together. At last the recollection of Emilia and of my infant boy crossed my disordered mind, and a gush of tenderness burst from my eyes. I rose, knocked at the door. When I was let in, I went up softly to my wife's chamber. She was asleep with a night-lamp burning by her, her child sleeping on her bosom, and its little hand grasping her neck. Think what I felt as I looked ! She smiled through her sleep, and seemed to dream of happiness. My brain began to madden again ; and as the misery to which she must wake crossed my imagination, the horrible idea rose within me—I shudder yet to tell it !—to murder them as they lay, and next myself !—I stretched my hand towards my wife's throat !—The infant unclasped its little fingers, and laid hold of one of mine. The gentle pressure wrung my heart ; its softness returned : I burst into tears ; but I could not stay to tell her of our ruin. I rushed out of the room, and, gaining an obscure hotel in a distant part of the town, wrote a few distracted lines, acquainting her of my folly and of my crimes ; that I meant immediately to leave France, and not return till my penitence should wipe out my offences, and my industry repair that ruin in which I had involved her. I recommended her and

my child to my mother's care, and to the protection of that heaven which she had never offended. Having sent this, I left Paris on the instant, and had walked several miles from town before it was light. At sun-rise a stage-coach overtook me. It was going on the road to Brest. I entered it without arranging any future plan, and sat in fullen and gloomy silence, in the corner of the carriage. That day and next night I went on mechanically, with several other passengers, regardless of food, and incapable of rest. But the second day I found my strength fail, and when we stopped in the evening, I fell down in a faint in the passage of the inn. I was put to bed, it seems, and lay for more than a week in the stupefaction of a low fever.

A charitable brother of that order to which I now belong, who happened to be in the inn, attended me with the greatest care and humanity; and when I began to recover, the good old man ministered to my soul, as he had done for my body, that assistance and consolation he easily discovered it to need. By his tender assiduities I was now so far recruited as to be able to breathe the fresh air at the window of a little parlor. As I sat there one morning, the same stage-coach in which I had arrived, stopped at the door of the inn, when I saw alight out of it the young painter who had been recommended to us at Paris. The sight overpowered my weakness, and I fell lifeless from my seat. The incident brought several people into the room, and amongst others the young man himself. When they had restored me to sense, I had recollection e

nough to desire him to remain with me alone. It was sometime before he recognized me; when he did, with horror in his aspect, after much hesitation, and the most solemn intreaty from me, he told me the dreadful sequel of my misfortunes. My wife and child were no more. The shock which my letter gave, the state of weakness she was then in had not strength to support. The effects were a fever, delirium, and death. Her infant perished with her. In the interval of reason preceding her death, she called him to her bed-side; gave him the picture he had drawn; and with her last breath charged him, if ever he could find me out, to deliver that and her forgiveness to me. He put it into my hand. I know not how I survived. Perhaps it was owing to the outworn state in which my disease had left me. My heart was too weak to burst, and there was a sort of palsy on my mind that seemed insensible to its calamities. By that holy man who had once before saved me from death, I was placed here, where, except one melancholy journey to the spot where they had laid my Emilia and her boy, I have ever since remained. My story is unknown, and they wonder at the severity of that life by which I endeavor to atone for my offences.—But it is not by suffering alone that Heaven is reconciled; I endeavor by works of charity and beneficence to make my being not hateful in its sight. Blessed be God! I have attained the consolation I wished.—Already, on my wasting days a beam of mercy sheds its celestial light. The visions of this flinty couch are changed to mildness. 'Twas but last night Emilia beckoned me in smiles; this little cherub was with her! His voice

ceased—he looked on the picture, then towards Heaven; and a faint glow crossed the paleness of his cheek. I stood awe-struck at the sight. The bell for vespers tolled—he took my hand—I kissed his, and my tears began to drop on it—“My son” said he, “to feelings like your’s it may not be unpleasing to recal my story. —If the world allure thee, if vice ensnare with its pleasures, or abash with its ridicule, think of Father Nicholas—be virtuous, and be happy.”



THE POWER OF INNOCENCE.



WHEN first the nuptial state we prove,
 We live the happy life of love :
 But when familiar charms no more
 Inspire the bliss they gave before,
 Each less delighting, less is lov'd ;
 First this, then that, is disapprov'd :
 Complaisance flies—Neglect succeeds ;
 Neglect Disdain and hatred breeds.

'Twas thus a pair, who long time prov'd
 The joys to love and be lov'd,
 At length fell out for trifling things—
 From trifling, Anger mostly springs.
 The wish to please forsook each breast,
 Love's throne by thoughtless Rage possess'd ;
 Resolv'd to part—they'd meet no more !—
 Enough—the chariots at the door.

The mansion was my lady's own ;
SIR JOHN resolv'd to live in town.
Writings were drawn—each clause agreed ;
Both vow'd they'd ne'er recal the deed.
The chariot waits—why this delay ?
The sequel shall the cause display.

One lovely girl the lady bore,
Dear pledge of joys she tastes no more ;
The father's mother's darling, she
Now lisp'd and prattled on each knee.
SIR JOHN, when rising to depart,
Turn'd to the darling of his heart,
And cri'd with ardor in his eye,
“Come BETSEY, bid mamma good-bye.”
The lady, trembling, answer'd, No :
“Go kiss Papa, my BETSEY, go.
The child shall live with me,” she cry'd :
“The child shall choose,” SIR JOHN repli'd.
Poor BETSEY look'd at each by turns,
And each the starting tear discerns.
My lady asks, with doubt and fear,
“Will you not live with me my dear ?”
“Yes”—half resolv'd, replied the child ;
And, half surpris'd her tears, she smil'd.
“Come BETSEY,” cry'd SIR JOHN, “you'll go,
And live with dear Papa, I know,”
“Yes,” BETSEY cri'd. The lady then
Address'd the wond'ring child again :—
“The time to live with *both* is o'er
This day we part, to meet no more !
Choose then”—here grief o'erflow'd her breast,

And tears burst out, too long suppress'd,
 The child, who tears and chiding join'd,
 Suppos'd Papa displeas'd, unkind ;
 And try'd, with all her little skill,
 To sooth his oft-relenting will.
 "Do" cry'd the lisper, "Papa! do
 Love dear Mamma—Mamma loves you!"
 Subdu'd the source of manly pride,
 No more his looks his heart belid :
 The tender transport forc'd its way ;
 They both confess'd each other's sway ;
 And, prompted by the social smart,
 Breast rush'd to breast, and heart to heart ;
 Each clasp'd their BETSEY o'er and o'er ;
 And Tom drove empty from the door.

Ye that have passions for a tear,
 Give nature vent, and drop it here.

THE STORY OF VIRGINIUS.

VIRGINIUS, a Roman soldier, famous in the city for probity, and in the army for his valor, had a daughter about sixteen years of age. She had been promised in marriage to Icilius, who had lately been tribute, and was at that time the greatest beauty in Rome. She had lost her mother, and was under the tuition of governesses who took care of her edu-

cation. Appius Claudius, the Roman decemvir,* accidentally meeting her one day, was struck with her beauty, and thought of nothing from thenceforth but the means of gratifying his criminal desires. He employed all the methods to tempt her that a violent passion could suggest; but still found in the invincible chastity of Virginia a resistance, proof against all his attacks and endeavors. When he saw that her severe modesty left him no hopes of seducing her, he had recourse to violence. He suborned one of his dependants, named Claudius, and perfectly instructed him how to act. This creature of his was bold and frontless, and one of those kind of people who introduce themselves into the confidence of the great only by a criminal complacency for their pleasures. The infamous minister of the decemvir's debauches, meeting Virginia as she was walking with her governess, stopped her; and claimed her as his slave, bade her follow him, or he would oblige her to do so by force. Virginia, in amazement, and trembling with fear, did not know what he meant; but her governess raised a great cry, implored the assistance of the people. The names of Virginius her father, and Icilius her intended husband, were heard on all sides. Relations and friends ran to join her, and the most indifferent were moved with the sight. This secured her against violence. Claudius, assuming a milder tone, said, there was no occasion for so much stir; that he had no design to employ violence, but solely the usual methods of justice: and immediately cited Virginia before the magistrate, whither she followed, by the advice of her relations.

* A Roman Magistrate.

When they came to Appius' tribunal, the claimant repeated his well-known tale to the judge with whom it had been concerted. He said that Virginia was born in the house of one of his slaves, from whence she had been stolen, and carried to Virginus' wife, who being barren, through grief to see herself without children, had pretended this girl to be her daughter, and had brought her up as such in her house : that he had incontestible proofs of the fact, against the evidence of which, Virginus himself, who had so much interest in the affair, could have nothing to object. He concluded with demanding, as the absence of Virginus prevented the matter from being finally adjudged, that it should be decreed provisionally, that the slave should follow her master. This request was in direct opposition to an express law enacted by the decemvirs themselves, and which decided the case in favor of Virginia. It declared, "That if a person enjoying their liberty should be claimed as a slave, such a person should continue at liberty till a definitive judgment in the case." Numitorius, Virginia's uncle, alleged this equitable law in vain. In vain did he represent, that as Virginus was absent in the service of the commonwealth, it was but just the sentence should be suspended, till he could appear to defend his daughter in person. Appius decreed that she should be put into the hands of Claudius, who should give good security to produce her when her father arrived.

This sentence was followed by the cries and tears of Virginia, and the women that attended her. All who were present at this trial trembled with horror and

indignation, but nobody ventured to explain themselves openly. Icilius raising great cries, advanced through the crowd to defend Virginia. The licitor, saying the judge had passed sentence, opposed and struck him back roughly. So injurious a treatment would have enraged the most moderate. Icilius, who was naturally warm and violent, did not suffer it patiently. "You must remove me from hence, Appius," said he, "with a sword, if you would stifle the knowledge of your infamous designs. I am to marry this maid, but to marry her chaste and a virgin. Therefore assemble, if you please, all your own licensors, and those of your colleagues, and bid them make ready their rods and axes; but the wife of Icilius shall not stay out of her father's house. Though you and your colleagues have deprived the people of their tribunes and appeals, the two supports of their liberty, do not imagine that you have an absolute power to treat our wives and children according to the dictates of your lust. Rage, tyrannize, if you will, over our persons; but let chastity and innocence at least be exempt from your violence."

Icilius added several other circumstances of equal force; and concluded with protesting, that as long as he had life he should retain the courage and constancy with which a just and chaste passion for the defence of his wife's liberty ought to inspire him.

The whole multitude were in great emotion, and ready to proceed to the utmost extremities. Appius, who perceived it, and did not expect so much resistance, was obliged to give way to it. He said, "He

perceived that Icilius, still full of the pride and violence of the tribune, fought only to excite tumult : that, for the present, he would not supply him with occasion : that in respect of Virginius' absence, his quality of father, and also in favor of the common cause of liberty, he was satisfied to defer judgment until the next day : but that, if Virginius did not appear, he gave warning to Icilius, and all such seditious persons, that he should proceed in the affair, and that his own licitors, without having recourse to those of his colleagues, would suffice for chastising the insolence of the turbulent and refractory." After having continued sitting for some time, that he might not seem to have come hither solely on account of this affair, as nothing farther offered, he rose and returned home much mortified with what had happened..

The first thing he did after he entered his house, was to write to his colleagues in the camp not to suffer Virginius to leave it, and even to keep him confined under a strong guard. The courier was dispatched immediately, but was too late by some hours. The affair of Virginia no sooner made a noise, than Icilius' brother, and Numitorious' son, two active young men, full of ardor and good-will, took horse, and riding full speed, arrived in good time at the camp. Virginius had gotten leave to be absent, and was set out before Appius' courier arrived. For his greater security, he took the bye-road to Rome.

The news of Virginius' arrival considerably embarrassed the decemvir, but did not extinguish his passion. The next day, early in the morning, Virginius

repaired to the forum with his daughter. It was impossible to behold her without being sensibly moved. The sad and neglected air with which she appeared, her mournful and dejected looks, her eyes heavy and streaming with tears, and the rays of beauty, which however broke through that cloud of sadness, made powerful impressions upon all hearts. Her father, weeping still more than she, held out his hands to the citizens, and implored their aid, representing to them, in a pathetic manner, his own misfortunes, and the danger to which themselves were upon the point of being exposed, in respect to their wives and daughters. Icilius said as much on his side.

In the mean time Appius arrived, and with an assured and menacing air, ascended his tribunal. To prevent all resistance, he had caused the troops under his command to march down from the capitol, and take possession of the forum. The whole city were assembled to hear the sentence. Claudius complained of not having justice done him the evening before, and repeated in few words the proofs upon which he founded his claim. The father of the maid, and the rest of her relations, refuted with solid and unanswerable reasons the pretended imposture of Virginia's birth. The judge who was now no longer master of himself, without hearkening farther to her defenders, pronounced Virginia the property of Claudius. Upon hearing that sentence, all who were present lifted up their hands to heaven, and raised a great outcry, that expressed their grief and indignation.

Virginius provoked to the highest degree at so unjust and cruel a decision, could not contain himself. He trembled with rage, and accompanying his words with a threatening gesture, "Infamous wretch," said he, "I never designed my daughter for thee; I educated her for a lawful husband, and not to be a prey to a lustful ravager; must then brutal passions among us take place of honorable marriage? How the citizens will bear with these things I know not, but I trust that the army will revenge my wrongs." The people approved the wish by their sighs, tears, and exclamations. But the decemvir having first cast his eyes on all sides, to see how his creatures and dependants were posted, told the multitude, with a threatening voice, that he was not unacquainted with the plots that had been laid to cause an insurrection; but that he neither wanted power nor resolution to inflict exemplary punishments on such as should offer to disturb the public peace. "Let every one therefore," said he, "retire to his own house, and none presume to give law to a supreme magistrate. As for you, Claudius, seize your slave, and make use of my guard to disperse the crowd."

The unfortunate father, seeing there was no other remedy, and consulting only his despair, formed within himself a dreadful resolution. He drew near the tribunal, and in a suppliant tone addressed the decemvir thus: "Pardon, Appius, the unguarded words which have escaped me in the first transports of grief, and allow me to ask in this young woman's presence, some questions of her nurse, that I may carry home at

least the comfort of being set right in this matter." Appius readily granted his request. The crowd made way for him to pass, and Virginus taking his daughter in his arms, and wiping the tears which flowed incessantly from her eyes, he insensibly led her up to a shop in the forum. There snatching up a butcher's knife, and turning to Virginia, "My dear daughter" says he, "by this only means in my power I defend thy liberty and thy honor! Go to thy ancestors, whilst thou art yet a free woman, pure and undefiled;" and plunged it into her heart. Then drawing out the knife, and turning to Appius, "By this blood," he cried, "I devote thy head to infernal gods."

A horrid noise immediately ensued. Virginus, all covered with his daughter's blood, and holding the knife still smoking in his hand, ran like a madman on all sides of the forum, animating the citizens to recover their liberty. He afterwards opened himself a way, with the favor of the multitude, to the gates of the city, from whence he made his escape to the camp.

Teilius, Virginia's intended husband, and Numitorious her uncle, continued with her body, deploring the guilt of Appius, the fatal beauty of Virginia, and the cruel necessity to which her father had been reduced. The women cried out, with tears, "Is this the reward of chastity? Is it to satiate the brutality of an infamous decemvir that we bring our children into the world?" adding a thousand other moving complaints, such as grief, more lively and tender in their sex, generally inspires them with on the like occasions.

But nothing augmented their hatred more against the decemvir, than the pompous manner in which Virginia's relations celebrated her funeral. Her body was laid on a magnificent bed, in the most public part of the forum, so that every body might see it, and then carried in a kind of triumph through the whole city. The Roman matrons and virgins came out of their houses to meet it. Some threw flowers and wreaths upon the bed, some their girdles and bracelets, and others the ornaments of their heads: nothing in short that could adorn her obsequies were omitted. The whole city was now in an uproar. Appius ordered Icilius to be seized, and carried to prison; but the people not only rescued him, but fell upon the lictors, broke their fasces, and even the decemvir escaped with difficulty to a neighbouring house.

Such was the situation of Rome when Virginius arrived at the camp, where he soon excited greater tumult than he had left in the city: for besides a troop of four hundred citizens, who accompanied him, which made his arrival remarkable, the knife which he held in his hand, and the blood with which he was covered, drew on him the eyes of the whole army. Whilst every body asked him what had happened, he continued silent for some time, and answered only with his tears. When he recovered himself a little, and silence had been made, he related, from first to last, all that had happened in the city. The soldiers, with one voice, assured him they would avenge his grief; accordingly, "To arms, to arms," was the universal cry. The standards were pulled up, and the troops marched di-

rectly to Rome. The decemviri were obliged to resign their office, which had been a great oppression to the people. As for Appius, they would by no means spare him: he was tried in form, and justly condemned; but he thought fit to put an end to his life before the day of execution.

THE FRIAR'S TALE.

IN several convents, situated among the mountains which divide France and Italy, a custom prevails that does honor to human nature. In these sequestered cloisters, which are often placed in the most uninhabited parts of the Alps, strangers and travellers, are not only hospitably entertained, but a breed of dogs are trained to go in search of wanderers; and are every morning sent from the convents, with an apparatus fastened to their collars, containing some refreshments, and a direction for travellers to follow the sagacious animal. Many lives, are by this means preserved in that wild romantic country. During my last visit to the South of France, I made an excursion into this mountainous region; and at the convent of * * * * I was induced to prolong my stay by the majestic scenery of its environs; and as that became familiar, I was still more forcibly detained by the amiable manners of the Reverend Father, who was, at that time, superior of the monastery; from him I received the following pathetic narrative, which

I shall deliver, as nearly as I can recollect, in his own words.

About twenty years ago, (said the venerable old man) being then in the 57th year of my age, and in the second of my priority over this house, a most singular event happened, through the sagacity of one of these dogs. Not more than a dozen leagues from hence, there lived a wealthy gentleman, the father of Matilda ; who was his only child, and whose history I am going to relate.——In the same village lived also Albert, a youth possessed of all the world deems excellent in man, except one single article ; but this was the only object of regard in the eyes of Matilda's father. Albert, with a graceful person, cultivated mind, elegant manners and captivating sweetness of disposition, was poor in fortune ; and Matilda's father was blind to every other consideration ; blind to his daughter's real happiness, and a stranger to the soul delighting sensation, of raising worth and genius, depressed by poverty, to affluence and independence. Therefore, on Matilda's confession of unalterable attachment to her beloved Albert ; the cruel father resolved to take advantage of the power which the laws here give a man, to dispose both of his child, and of his wealth and pleasure : the latter he determined to bequeath to his nephew Conrad, the former he resolved to send to a neighbouring convent ; where after a year's probation, she was to be compelled to renounce both Albert, and the world.

Conrad, whose artful insinuations had long worked on the mind of this misguided father, was not con-

tent with having thus separated these lovers, but by inciting persecution from the petty creditors of Albert, drove him from home; and, after many fruitless endeavors to establish a communication with his lost mistress, he fled for sanctuary to this convent. Here, (said the hoary monk) I became acquainted with the virtues of that excellent young man.

During this time, Matilda passed her days in wretchedness and persecution. The abbess of her convent, Sister Theresa, who, to the disgrace of her profession and our holy church, disguised the disposition of a devil in the garment of a saint, became the friend and minister of Conrad's wicked purposes, and never ceased to persecute Matilda, by false reports concerning Albert; urging her to turn her thoughts from him, to that heavenly spouse to whom she was about to make an everlasting vow. Matilda scorned her artifice; her love for Albert resisted every effort of the abbess to shake her confidence in his fidelity.

She was in the last week of her novitiate, when her father became dangerously ill, and desired once more to see her. Conrad used every endeavor to prevent it, but in vain: she was sent for, but the interview was only in the presence of Conrad and the nurse. When the father perceived the altered countenance of his once beloved child—his heart condemned him, he reflected that the wealth, which he was going to quit forever, belonged to her, and not to Conrad. He therefore resolved to expiate his cruelty by cancelling his will and consenting to the union of Albert and Matilda. Having made a solemn declara-

tion, he called for his will; then taking Matilda's hand in one of his, and presenting the fatal writing with the other, he said, "forgive thy father! destroy this paper and be happy; so be my sins forgiven in Heaven." The joy of his heart at this first instance of benevolence, was too much for his exhausted spirits, and he expired as he uttered these last words; letting fall the will which he was going to deliver.

Matilda's gentle soul was torn with contending passions; she had lost her father at the moment when he had bestowed fresh life: and, in the conflict betwixt joy and grief, she sunk on the lifeless corpse, in an agony of gratitude and filial tenderness.

Mean while Conrad did not slip this opportunity to complete his plan, which, by the dying words of his uncle, had been so nearly defeated. He secured the will, and corrupted the nurse by promises and bribes, never to reveal what she had heard and seen; at the same time he half persuaded the doting old woman, that it was only the effect of delirium in the deceased. This idea was but too well supported by the first question Matilda asked, who exclaimed, as she came to herself; "where am I? sure 'tis a dream! my father could not say I should be happy; he could not bid me tear that fatal will; Speak, am I really awake; or does my fancy mock me?" The artful Conrad assured her that nothing of the kind had passed, telling her, that her father had only mentioned Albert's name to curse him; and with his last breath, had commanded her to take the veil at the expiration of the week. All this the perjured nurse confirmed. Matilda, being;

now perfectly recovered, saw the horrors of her situation: it was in vain for her to deny what they asserted, or remonstrate against their combined perfidy. She was soon, by force re-conveyed to her nunnery, in a state of mind, much easier to imagine, than describe.

On her return to the convent, she was more than ever attacked by Theresa's persecution, who urged, with increased vehemence, the pretended positive commands of her dying father; and by the advice of Conrad, used severities of a conventual discipline, which almost robbed the devoted victim of her reason; the cruel Abbess still pleading that religion justified her conduct. Can it be wondered, that such cruel treatment should at length disturb the piety and faith of the suffering Matilda? And induce her to exclaim, with presumptuous bitterness, against the holy institutions of our church, and brand the sacred ordinances of our religion with unjust suspicions. "Why, (said she) why are these massy gates, these naked walls, sad prisons of youth and innocence, where fraud and cruelty have power to torment, and confine the helpless, permitted to exist? Religion is the plea, religion which should bring peace and not affliction to its votaries; but surely that religion, which justifies these gloomy dungeons, must be false, and I will abjure it; yes, I will fly to happier regions, where prisons are allotted only to the guilty; where no false vows to Heaven are exacted, but where Albert and Matilda may yet be happy."—The possibility of an escape had never before presented itself, and indeed, it could never have occurred, but to one whose reason was disordered; for she

well knew that the doors were well secured by many bars and locks, and that the keys were always deposited beneath the pillow of the abbess.

Her imagination, however, was now too much heated to attend to any obstacles: and with a mixture of foresight, inspired by insanity, she packed up all her little ornaments of value, carelessly drew on her clothes, and put in her pocket some bread and provisions, which had been left in her cell; then wrapping round her elegant form, one of the blankets from the bed, she lighted a taper, and fearlessly walked towards the cloister door, idly expecting it would fly open, of its own accord, to innocence like hers—methinks I see her, with hair dishevelled, face pale and wan, her large black eyes wildly staring, and the whole of her ghastly figure lighted by the feeble glimmer of the taper, majestically stalking through the gloomy vaulted hall. She arrived at the great door and found it partly open, and scarce believing what she saw, she quickly glided through it: but, as she passed, an iron bar which she had not observed, and which projected, slightly grazed her temple; and though she scarcely felt the wound, yet it added new horrors to her look, by covering her ghost-like face with streaks of blood.

Although Matilda had never considered the improbability of passing this door, she now reflected with wonder how she had passed it: and the fear of a discovery began to operate, as she with more cautious steps moved silently through the cloister to the outer gate; which when she approached, she heard Theresa's voice whispering these words. "Adieu, dear Conrad; but re-

member your life, as well as mine, depends on the secrecy of our conduct." Then tenderly embracing each other, a man ran swiftly from her, and the abbess turning round, stood motionless with horror at the bloody spectre which was firmly approaching. The guilty mind of Theresa, could only suppose the horrid vision to be the departed spirit of one, whom she thought her cruelties had murdered; and while a panic seized her whole frame, a gust of wind from the gate extinguished the taper. Matilda seemed to vanish as she resolutely pushed through the postern door.

Theresa was too well hackneyed in the ways of vice, to let fear long occupy the place of prudence: the night was dark, and it would have been in vain to pursue the phantom, if her recovering courage had suggested it; she therefore resolved to fasten both doors, and return in silence to her own apartment, waiting, in all the perturbation of anxiety and guilt, till morning should explain the dreadful mystery.

Mean while Matilda, conscious of her innocence, and rejoicing in her escape, pursued a wandering course through the unfrequented paths of this mountainous district, during three whole days and nights, partly supporting her fatigue by the provisions she had taken with her, but more from a degree of insanity, which gave her powers beyond her natural strength; yet in her distracted mind, this last instance of Theresa's wickedness, had excited a disgust and loathing, bordering on fury, against every monastic institution.

During the whole twelve months of Matilda's novitiate, no intercourse of any kind had passed between her and Albert, who continued under the protection of this house, alike ignorant of her father's death, and of all the other transactions which I have now related ; yet knowing that the term of her probation was about to expire, he resolved once more to attempt some means of gaining admittance to her convent. With this view he made a journey thither in the disguise of a peasant ; and on the very morning in which his mistress had escaped, he presented himself at the gate.

Conrad, who had, by letter from the abbess, been informed that her prisoner had fled, was desired to come immediately, and devise some excuse to the sisters for what had happened ; for, although both to Conrad and Theresa, the fact was evident enough, yet the sister nuns were distracted in conjectures ; till by one of those artful stretches of assurance, which consummate villiany finds it easy to exert, religion (that constant comfort of the good, and powerful weapon of the wicked) presented itself as the only resource in this emergency. Theresa was taught to say, for the present, that she had no doubt, the sinful reluctance of Matilda, to receive the veil, had excited the wrath of Heaven ; and that she was miraculously snatched away, or perhaps annihilated, to prevent the dreadful profanation of the holy ceremony at which she must that day have assisted.

This plan had been settled, and Conrad was going with all haste in pursuit of the fugitive, when, at the outer gate, he met the pretended peasant. The pene-

trating eye, either of love or hatred, soon discovers a friend or enemy however carefully disguised.—Conrad and Albert knew each other. In an instant the flames of hatred, jealousy and fury kindled in their bosoms ; and Conrad seizing Albert by the throat, exclaimed, “ I’ve caught the villain, the sacrilegious ravisher.” A severe struggle ensued, in which Conrad drew his sword ; but Albert, who had no weapon, dextrously wrenched the instrument from the hand of Conrad, and plunged it into his bosom. The victim fell, while Albert fled with the utmost precipitation from the bloody scene, and returned in the evening to this convent.

“ How shall I describe,” said the good old monk, “ the contrast between the looks of our unhappy youth at this moment, and on the preceding morning when he left us !” Then, innocence, faintly enlightened by a gleam of hope, smiled on his features, as he cheerfully bade us adieu, and said, “ perhaps I may again hear tidings of Matilda ; should the will of heaven deny me happiness with her, I will come back resigned, and dedicate my future life to holy meditation, void of guilt.” But, alas ! he returned breathless and pale, his hands besmeared with blood, and his limbs trembling ; he could only utter, in faltering words, “ save me, reverend fathers ! save me from justice, from myself, and, if possible, from the vengeance of heaven ! Behold a murderer !”

Some hours elapsed before we could collect from him, the circumstances of a crime, which had produc-

ed this extreme degree of horror and compunction, in a mind so virtuous and innocent as Albert's : having heard the whole, in which he imputed the whole blame to his own hasty conduct, we promised him protection; and endeavored, though in vain, for two whole days, to speak comfort to his troubled mind, and to inspire him with confidence in the boundless mercies of his God. On the third day we were diverted from this arduous task, by the return and behaviour of one of our dogs; the poor animal, who had been out all day, was restless, and shewed evident marks of a desire, that some one should accompany him. Father Jerome and myself therefore resolved to follow him; we proceeded about half a mile, when we turned from the beaten track, still guided by our dog, to a retired glen, where human feet had hardly ever trod before. Here on a rock, which projected over a dreadful precipice, sat an unhappy, half-distracted object; which I need not add, was Matilda,—She had crept, with almost incredible perseverance, up a steep ascent to a ledge of rocks which overhung a dreadful chasm; when we first discovered her, she was eagerly clinging to a branch of yew, which grew from a fissure in the rock above, and which half shaded her melancholy figure.

The dog followed her steps, but Jerome and myself, unable to ascend so dangerous a path, stood, unobserved, at a little distance, on the opposite side of the glen.

When Matilda first perceived the dog, she looked with wildness round her; then fixing her eyes with tenderness on the animal, she said, “are you returned

to me again? and are you really my friend? Fie, fie upon it! shall even dogs seduce the helpless? perhaps you repent of what you would have done.—You look sorrowfully.—Alas! Matilda can forgive you!—Poor brute, you know I followed you all day long, and would have followed you forever, but that you led me to a detested convent! Thither Matilda will not go—why should you lead me to a prison? A dog cannot plead religion in excuse for treachery.” She paused, then taking a rosary of pearls from her side, she fancifully wound it round the dog’s neck, saying “I have a boon to ask, and thus I bribe you; these precious beads are your’s, now guide me to the top of this high mountain, that I may look about me, and see all the world.—Then I shall know whether my Albert is still living—Ah, no! it cannot be, for then Matilda would be happy; and that can never, never be!” She then burst into a flood of tears, which seemed, in some measure, to calm her distracted mind.

When I thought she was sufficiently composed, we discovered ourselves; on this she shrieked, and hid her face; but calling to her, I said, “Albert is still alive;” she looked at us, till by degrees she had wildly examined us from head to foot; then turning to the dog, she seized him by the throat, and would have dashed him down the precipice, saying, “Ah traitor! is it thus thou hast betrayed me?” The animal however, struggled, and got from her. She then firmly looked at us, and cried, “here I am safe, deceitful monsters! free from the tyranny of your religious persecution; for if you approach one single step, I plunge into this

yawning gulf, and so escape your power.”—Then recovering from a frantic laugh, she said, “yet tell me, did you not say that Albert lived? Oh! that such words had come from any lips but those of a false monk!—I know your arts; with you such falsehoods are religious frauds; this is a pious lie, to ensnare a poor helpless linnet to its cage: but I tell you, cunning priests, here I defy you, nor will I ever quit this rock, till Albert’s voice assures me I may do it safely.”

You will easily imagine (continued the monk) the situation of Jerome and myself; then ignorant of the manner in which Matilda had escaped, we could only know from her own words and actions that it was she herself, and that her senses were impaired; perplexed how to entice her from this perilous retreat, and knowing that one false step would dash her headlong down the dreadful chasms that parted us, at length I said, “gentle maid, be comforted; Albert and Matilda may yet be happy.” Then leaving Jerome concealed among the bushes to watch the poor lunatic, I hastened to the convent, to relate what I had seen.

Mean while Matilda looking round her, with a vacant stare, from time to time repeated my words, “Albert and Matilda may yet be happy;” then pausing, she seemed delighted with the sound re-echoed from the rocks, and again repeated, “Albert and Matilda may yet be happy;” still varying the modulation of her voice, as joy, grief, doubt, despair or hope, alternately prevailed in her bosom.

I will not long detain you, said the reverend father, with the effect my narrative had on the dejected Albert.—He at first exclaimed, “Can there be comfort for a guilty wretch like Albert?”—and eagerly ran towards the place, but moved more calmly, on my representing, how fatal a surprise might be to one in so dangerous a situation; as he approached the spot, he shrunk back; and turning to me said, “Father I will go no further! Heaven has ordained, as a punishment of the murder I have committed, that I should become a witness of the shocking death of the poor lost Matilda; for, at my approach, she will, in frantic ecstasy, quit her hold, and perish before my eyes.” I urged him to proceed, but it was in vain, he sat down on a bank, and continued silent, wrapt in an agony of irresolution, when he heard, at a little distance, the well known voice of the poor lunatic, still repeating, “Albert and Matilda may yet be happy:” roused by the sound, he started up, and cautiously advancing, he exclaimed, “Just heaven! fulfil those words, and let them indeed be happy!”

Matilda knew the voice, and carefully treading a path, which would have seemed impracticable to one possessed of reason, she descended from the ledge on which she sat, and approached with cautious steps; but at the sight of Albert, flew impetuously forward, till seeing me, she as suddenly ran, and would have again retreated to the rock, shrieking, “it is all illusion and priestcraft! it is not really Albert, and I am betrayed.” We pursued, and caught her; but finding my religious dress only augmented the disorder of her

mind, I withdrew, leaving only Albert to calm her needless fears.

But no persuasion, even from him, could induce her to come within view of the convent gates ; I therefore provided accommodations for her in the cottage of a laborer, at some little distance ; where for many days her delirium continued, while a fever threatened a speedy dissolution. During this period, Albert was laboring under all the anxiety, which such a situation of a beloved object, may be supposed to inspire ; added to this, the deed he had committed sat heavy on his soul, and he did not dare to hope for an event, which his own guilty thoughts reproached him with not having deserved.

At length the crisis of the fever shewed signs of a recovery, and now his joy was without bounds ; even the blood of Conrad seemed a venial crime ! he triumphed in the anticipation of reward for all he had suffered : but this happiness was of short duration, for at that time I received a letter from the abbess Theresa, demanding back the fugitive whose retreat she had discovered. This requisition I knew I must obey ; therefore giving the letter to Albert, I was going to explain the necessity of my compliance, when he burst into the most bitter and violent exclamations against this and all other religious houses, cursing their establishment as a violation of the first law of nature.

Having heard with a mixture of pity, patience and resentment, all that his rage or disappointment could suggest, I answered nearly in these words : " My son, blame not the pious institutions of our holy church,

sanctified by the observance of many ages ; nor impiously arraign the mysterious decrees of providence, which often produces good from evil. This sacred edifice has been consecrated like many others, by our pious ancestors, for purposes honorable to heaven, and useful to mankind ; their hospitable doors are ever open to distress ; and the chief object of our care is, to discover and relieve it. This holy mansion has long been an asylum against the oppression of human laws, which drove thee from thine home ; and, it is but a few days, since thou thyself, blessed an institution which saved the wretched Matilda, perishing with madness. Nay, at this very moment, its mercy shelters from the hands of justice, a murderer ! yet thy presumption dares deny its general use, from thy own sense of partial inconvenience, and execrate monastic institutions, because thy wayward passions are checked ; but know, short-sighted youth, the utility of these institutions will not be less esteemed because they prevent the union of Albert and Matilda, an union which would answer no other purpose than to propagate a race of infidels and murderers." I stopped, for I perceived the gentle Albert was touched with my rebuke ; he fell on his knees, and exclaimed, in the pathetic words of scripture : " Father I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight." " It is enough my son, I compassionate your situation ; and will do more ; for though I cannot detain Matilda longer than till she is well enough to be removed ; yet in that time (if heaven approves my endeavors) I may contribute to your happiness, by interceding with her father (whose death we were not then acquainted with ;) and should I fail in the

attempt, this roof, which thy hasty passion has profaned, shall yet be a refuge to thee from despair ; and I will strive to raise thy thoughts above the trifling disappointments of a transitory world."

"I could not wait the reply of Albert, said the prior, being at this time called out to welcome a stranger, who they said was dangerously ill : this proved to be no other than the wounded Conrad. He explained in a few words the motive of his visit, telling me, that immediately after the rencounter, dreading that awful presence in which no secret is concealed; and to which he apprehended he was summoned by his own sword in the injured hand of Albert, he had vowed, if heaven should grant his life, to repair the wrongs he had committed. He had already executed a deed, resigning all the fortune of her father, in favor of Matilda ; he had declared his guilty commerce with Theresa, that she might repent or suffer punishment ; he had paid all the debts of Albert, and justified his character to the world ; and, finally, he had resolved to implore the prayers of myself, and the venerable fathers of this house, to make him worthy of becoming one of our holy order, that if he lived, he might be useful, and if he died, happy."

The prior concluded his narrative, by saying, that Albert and Matilda were united. He then briefly hinted arguments in favor of monastic institutions ; yet liberally allowed, that the religion of his country, might in certain points be wrong, and knowing me to be a protestant, I suppose he acknowledged more than

I ought in justice to his candor to relate ; for this reason, I have purposely suppressed the name and situation of his convent ; but I shall ever remember the words with which he finished this discourse : “ True religion, said he, howsoever it may vary in outward ceremonies, or articles of faith, will always induce mankind to do good, to love and help each other ; it will teach us, that no sin, however secret, can long remain concealed ; and that when the world and all its vanities, have palled the fated appetite, you must seek refuge in conscious innocence, or a sincere repentance. Then, no matter whether you choose a convent for retirement, or commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still.”



THE DISTRESSED WIDOW.



TURN not your eyes, ye happy, from my door ;
 Nor shun the Widow—helpless now, and poor,
 Once better day's were mine : false friends obey'd
 My invitations, and e'en homage paid.
 My hearth could then the needful warmth afford,
 And decent Plenty crown'd my cheerful board.
 That hearth with genial warmth no longer glows ;
 That board no more the splendid banquet shows.
 Forc'd with these babes the coarsest food to share,
 Hard is our lot, and scanty is our fare.
 Let her whose tender bosom has confess'd
 Maternal joys (her offspring at her breast)
 To mild Compassion's power her heart resign,

And for a moment think on me and mine.
 Compell'd my mansion for a cot to guilt.
 Soon shall each crevice piercing blast admit :
 On my weak babes disease must shortly prey :
 Feeble am I—and feebler still are they.
 What pangs must that ingenuous bosom feel,
 Thus forc'd impending horrors to reveal !
 Ah ! were those cruel suff'rings all my own,
 I could expire without a sigh or groan !
 Yet still on earth I am content to grieve,
 And for my babes alone desire to live.

Parent of All ! whose power directs each field
 To birds, herds, flocks, due nourishment to yield,
 To me—at least to these—thy aid impart,
 And raise compassion in some gentle heart.
 Few are the comforts which we humbly crave :
 They weep for food ;—and I—request a grave.

HISTORY OF DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS, one of Alexander's successors, who considered vain pomp and superb magnificence as true grandeur, rendered himself contemptible to the Macedonians in the very circumstance by which he thought to obtain their esteem. His head was enriched with the novelty of a double diadem, and his robes seemed fitter for a stage than a court. The ornaments of his feet were altogether extraordinary ; and he had long employed artists to make him

a mantle, on which the system of the world, with all the stars visible in the firmament, were to be embroidered in gold. The change of his fortune prevented the finishing of this work, which remained for ages after a monument of his pride, and the modesty of his successors, who neither wore it, nor so much as suffered it to be completed. But that which rendered him still more odious, was his being so difficult of approach. He was either so proud and disdainful, as not to allow those who had any affairs to transact with him the liberty of speech, or else he treated them with so much rudeness as obliged them to quit his presence with disgust. He suffered the Athenian ambassadors to wait two whole years before he gave them audience; and one day when he came out of his palace, and seemed to have more affability than was usual for him to assume, some persons were encouraged to present a few petitions to him. He received them with a gracious air, and placed them in one of the folds of his robe; but as he was passing over a bridge on the river Axius, he threw all these petitions into the stream. A prince must certainly know very little of mankind, not to be sensible that such a contemptuous behaviour is sufficient to provoke his subjects to revolt from his authority. This proved to be the case with regard to Demetrius; for his pride and insolence rendering his government insupportable, he was expelled the throne.

VERSES SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY ALEX-
ANDER SELKIRK, DURING HIS SOLITARY
ABODE IN THE ISLAND OF JUAN FER-
NANDEZ.



I AM monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute ;
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
Oh Solitude ! where are the charms,
That fages have seen in thy face ?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach ;
I must finish my journey alone ;
Never hear the sweet music of speech ;
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference see :
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestow'd upon man,
Oh had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again !
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of Religion and Truth ;
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Religion ; what treasure untold
Resides in that heav'nly word !
More precious than silver or gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.
But the sound of the church-going bell
These vallies and rocks never heard ;
Ne'er sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
Or smil'd when a Sabbath appear'd.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore,
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more.
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me ?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind !
Compar'd with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there ;
But, alas ! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair ;
Ev'n here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There's mercy in every place ;
And mercy—encouraging thought !
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

A DISERTATION ON THE AMBIGUITY OF
NOTHING.

NOTHING!—thou negative to *anything*, reverse to *everything*, and eternal opposite to *something*; thou art, and yet thou art not; thou art *nominal-ly something*, and *really nothing*; thou art *self-existent*, and *self-dependent*; and yet thou dost not exist nor depend at all. Thou didst *originate* from *thyself*, and *thyself* originated from *thee*; and yet thou hadst no origin. Thou art *antecedent* to *everything*, because thou wast before *anything*; and yet thou never didst exist not even in idea, till *something* appeared to prove *thee nothing*; and although *thou* art eternally at variance with *something*, yet, if *thou* shouldst obtain, *thou* thereby insurest thine *own* destruction; for when *something* is no more *thou* consequently must cease for want of an opposite. *Thou* art not capable of addition nor diminution, for if we add *something* to *nothing*, *thou* art no more; and *something* is thy successor; and if we add *nothing* to *nothing*, it all amounts to *nothing*, and the several *nothings* singular amount to *nothing* plural, and an infinity of *nothings* plural, will terminate in *nothing* singular. *Thou* art indebted to *nothing*, and as *thou* hast *nothing* to pay, *nothing* will be expected and *nothing* will be demanded. Therefore *thou* art self-indebted, self-insolvent, self-expected and self-demanded, and yet without debts, without insolvency, without expectation and without demand. *Thou* hast *nothing* to hope nor

nothing to fear, and yet thou art no deity ; nor art *thou* completely or incompletely happy, nor miserable, and yet we frequently say, “*Nothing* is more *happy*.”—
 “*Nothing* is more *miserable*.”

Many people, who have a great opinion of their own sagacity, have pretended to discover thy most secret recesses, and have given out that *thou* mayest be found in the *pericranium* of a *Fool*, the recantation of a *Tory*, the sincerity of a *Courtier*, the charity of a *Miser*, the pockets of the *Poor*, the faith of a *Nation*, the lenity of a *Briton*, the honesty of a *Quarter-Master*, and consequently in the bowels of the *Soldier* ; but if we inquire at most of these places, we shall find that there is *nothing* in the assertion. *Thou* art frequently invoked and as often deprecated by the same person ; for when we hear a piece of *bad news*, we *hope* there is *nothing* in it, and when we hear a piece of *good news*, we are *afraid* there is *nothing* in it. *Thou* art present with us at our birth and at our death ; for “ we brought *nothing* into the world, and we can carry *nothing* out.” *Thou* art not capable of creation nor propagation, and yet *thou* art the author of *nobody* that great villain and consummate mischief-maker. In fact, thou art NOTHING.*

* As the Writer has made much ado about *nothing*, it is to be supposed his time is worth *nothing* and as he has fairly proved *nothing*, he is honestly intitled to *nothing*, and to *nothing* he is welcome.

VIRTUOUS ACTIVITY.



SEIZE, mortals ! seize the transient hour ;
 Improve each moment as it flies :
 Life 's a short summer—man a 'flow'r ;
 He dies—Alas ! how soon he dies !

The sources of happiness.

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
 Lie in three words, health, peace, and competence.
 But health consists with temperance alone ;
 And peace, O Virtue ! peace is all thy own.

Solitude.*

O sacred solitude ! divine retreat !
 Choice of the prudent ! envy of the great !
 By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
 We court fair Wisdom, that celestial maid :
 The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace.
 (Strangers on earth,) are Innocence and Peace.
 There, from the ways of men laid safe ashore,
 We smile to hear the distant tempest roar ;
 There, blest'd with health, with bus'ness unperplex'd,
 This life we relish, and ensure the next.

The golden mean.

He that holds fast the golden mean,
 And lives contentedly between
 The little and the great,

*By solitude here is meant, a temporary seclusion from the world.

Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
Imbitt'ring all his state.

*Virtue's address to Pleasure.**

Vast happiness enjoy thy gay allies !
A youth of follies, an old age of cares ;
Young yet enervate, old yet never wise,
Vice wastes their vigor, and their mind impairs.
Vain, idle, delicate, in thoughtless ease,
Reserving woes for age, their prime they spend ;
All wretched, hopeless, in the evil days,
With sorrow to the verge of life they tend.
Griev'd with the present, of the past ashamed,
They live and are despis'd ; they die, nor more are
nam'd.

Swarms of flying insects.

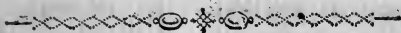
Thick in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,
Upward and downward, thwarting and convolv'd
The quiv'ring nations sport ; till, tempest-wing'd,
Fierce winter sweeps them from the face of day.
Ev'n so, luxurious men, unheeding, pass
An idle summer life, in Fortune's shine,
A season's glitter ! Thus they flutter on,
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice ;
Till, blown away by Death, Oblivion comes
Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

Beneficence its own reward.

My fortune (for I'll mention all,
And more than you dare tell) is small ;
Yet ev'ry friend partakes my store,

* Sensual pleasure.

And Want goes smiling from my door.
Will forty shillings warm the breast
Of worth or industry distress'd?
'This sum I cheerfully impart ;
'Tis fourscore pleasures to my heart :
And you may make, by means like these,
Five talents ten, whene'er you please.
'Tis true, my little purse grows light ;
But then I sleep so sweet at night !
This grand specific will prevail,
When all the doctor's opiates fail.



STORY OF IDRIS.



AMONG the dancers of the place in the reign of Abbas the Great, king of Persia, there was a young maid named Idris, whom the master of the revels, on the report of her charms, had sent for from Casbin to Ispahan. Her mother being of the same profession, she had followed the same way of life : but as she honorably distinguished herself from her female companions, she demonstrated, that virtue is practicable in every situation of life, however slippery or dangerous it may be.

Scarcely had Idris appeared on the theatre of the capital, but she found herself beset by the grandees, who strove to please her by the same means that had won others in that station. One exhausted all his rhetoric in commending her shape and manner ; another

extolled the form of her face, her complexion, and the regularity of her features. A third, to give weight to the encomiums he had bestowed on her voice, repeated an air he had heard her sing, and declared his distraction to arrive at that grace with which she gave life to the words. A fourth, boasted his precision and skill in dancing, exhibited instantly some of the attitudes he had learned of her. A first-rate Sir fopling gave her a list of the pretty women he had deserted from the moment he first saw her. A young man, by birth entitled to become a Mollah, silently displayed his figure and his dress. An old fingerer of the public money dazzled her eyes with a diamond of the first water: and offered it, besides the perquisites of the contracts, which it was his custom to bestow upon his mistress. An officer of the crown made a pompous description of the presents with which he had recompensed the friendship of the little Zaki. In fine, every one exerted his faculties and his address in order to gain the preference over his rivals.

But Idris was not to be caught with such baits. At the palace, at assemblies, in the public walks, and in all places, the discourse turned upon the new dancer. Every one talked of her beauty, her wit, and her engaging behaviour; and, which was more than they had said of any other of her profession, they agreed in acknowledging her to be very virtuous. It is the property of none but the most exalted virtue to gain the respect and admiration of young courtiers. Mahmut conceived a high opinion of Idris's virtue, from the extraordinary effect it produced.

Mahmut bore among the lords of the court the same character which Idris maintained among the dancers of her sex ; proof against the defects of his equals and the vices of his station. As soon as he began to appear in the world, he became sensible of the ridiculousness of that noisy, obstreperous giddiness, which most young people of quality affect ; and being happily prejudiced against the idle life he saw them lead, he took care not to follow their example, yet without seeming to condemn them. While their days were divided between the toilet, table, visits, and gaming, he spent the morning in his closet among his books, or with those whose conversation could instruct him better. In the afternoon he frequented the manufactories and working places about the palace ; talked with the ablest hands in the several arts ; and observed, with the utmost attention, how they proceeded in their works. In the evening he was at some or other of the public entertainments, which he enjoyed with a moderation that is ever inseparable from taste and discernment. After which he repaired to some of the most brilliant assemblies of Isfahan, as well to avoid a singularity that would have rendered him odious, as to acquire a greater share of the complaisance and politeness which reigned in them. Mahmut's wit, and the use he made of it, rendered him superior to those who were his equals in birth ; and besides the advantages of a good figure and a graceful air, he distinguished himself no less among them by his natural and acquired talents. Idris could not behold this amiable Persian without emotion : she shunned all her impor-

fortunate suitors, and complacently fancying him free from all their faults, she secretly wished that the beauty which they had so highly extolled might make an impression on him. Her wishes were met more than half way; Mahmut soon let her know that he loved her most passionately; and her answer to this declaration, on account of its singularity, deserves to be given entire.

“Doubtless you give the name of love,” said she, with a charming smile, “to that which is only an effect of your taste for novelty; I will not, my lord, go farther at present on this head; it is your business to fix my judgment. I will ingenuously confess, though it will give you some unfavorable opinion of me if you are not the man I take you to be, that I am not displeased at your liking me. But if ever I see occasion to alter the idea I have conceived of you, hope not that I shall in the least indulge my inclination. I shall not take it ill if you give your heart to a woman more virtuous than I, therefore do not complain of your lot if I dispose of mine in favor of any man whom I may find superior to you in virtue.”

Mahmut, struck with admiration, and overflowing with joy, labored to rise to such a pitch as might oblige Idris to be constant to him. He applied himself with fresh vigor to acquire the arts and sciences necessary for a man in his station. He made it his business to relieve indigent merit and unfortunate virtue. His humanity, generosity, capacity, and modesty, were equally conspicuous; and Idris abundantly rewarded him for all the pains he took to please her. Praise,

grounded on truth, and coming from the mouth of so charming a person, filled the tender Mahmut's heart with joy and satisfaction. He read in the eyes of his beauteous mistress how dear he was to her : he talked of his passion, and described its violence. Idris listened to him with pleasure, vowed she would make him a just return, and thus animated him to give her no occasion to repent her engagement. In these overflowings of their hearts, which none but true lovers can know and feel all the sweetness of, they laid open to each other the most secret recesses of their souls. Mahmut was grieved when he took leave of Idris, nor could she bear his absence without a visible concern. They always parted under the greatest impatience to meet again.

Between two neighbours so powerful as the Grand Seignior and the king of Persia, there can be no long peace ; a war soon broke out, and Mahmut was obliged to set out for the army. He waited upon Idris, to deplore with her the dire necessity that forced them asunder ; but whilst he lay at her feet, he durst not disclose to her all his grief. The fortitude of the fair one daunted him ; he was afraid of lessening himself in her esteem, by discovering any weakness. Idris perceived the fore conflict in his breast, and loved him for it more intensely.

Mahmut had not been gone a month when he gave way to his desire of an interview with Idris. He slipped away privately from the army, and with the help of relays, which he had provided on the road, he was at the gates of Ispahan before they missed him in the

camp. Alighting at the house of one of his old servants, he disguised himself in the apparel of a peasant, that he might not be known in the city; and, impatient of an interview with his Idris, he flew to her house.

The charming maid was sitting at her balcony, as Mahmut was advancing; and knew him, notwithstanding his disguise. Grieved to see him thus neglect his glory and his duty, she ran directly to her closet, charging her slave to admit no visiter whatever. She melted into tears at the weakness of her lover; but soon recovered herself, and wrote him the following billet.

Idris to the peasant.

“Friend, I know thou art to be forthwith at the army. Call upon Mahmut, and tell him from me, that I desire him to remember that condition on which the heart of Idris is to be secured.”

Mahmut was too much confounded with these words to ask any questions of the slave that delivered him the billet. He went back to his domestic's house to put off his disguise; and fluctuating between admiration, grief and fear, he repaired again to the army with as much haste as he had travelled up to Isfahan. His chief study being to make amends for the fault he had committed, he behaved the rest of the campaign with so much ardor, bravery and conduct, that he was deservedly promoted to a higher post, which the king conferred on him, with the most honorable eulogies, at the head of the army. Idris wrote him a congratulatory letter on his promotion, in which, without men-

tioning his weakness, she gave him to understand that she had forgiven him.

Mahmut, transported with joy, hastened back to Ispahan as soon as the army was ordered into winter-quarters, and listened to no other considerations but his esteem for the virtuous girl: he intreated her to complete his happiness by becoming his wife. "Your wife, my lord!" cried Idris, with an emotion that at once discovered the tenderest passion and concern for the glory of her lover: "what! would Mahmut forget himself so far? In disposing of your heart you may indeed consult nothing but your inclinations; but when the question is to choose a partner in your dignity and fortune, you are accountable to those of whom you hold both. I have the deepest sense of gratitude for this signal testimony of your esteem; but what will your relations say? What will all Persia say, whose eyes are upon you, and who see nothing in me but the mean profession I was bred to? No, Mahmut, it must not be; I see my error, I am ashamed of my weakness; I that am ready to sacrifice my life, were it necessary, to preserve your glory, cannot be instrumental myself in fullying it."

Sentiments like these made the passionate Mahmut only more pressing. "What are those things," said he, "which create so great a disparity between us? An instant may deprive me of them; but the dowry which you will bring me, charming Idris, is a blessing that depends not on man nor on fortune." In uttering these words his countenance began to be clouded with grief: fresh denials drove him to despair; he drew

his poinard, and was going to plunge it into his breast. The tender Idris could hold out no longer. "Ah! Mahmut," cried she, "stop your hand and live; to-morrow I shall be yours, grant me this short respite." She could utter no more, tears put an end to her surprise, and stopped her breath, *but not her power.*

The news of their marriage soon took wind; and those who envied him the possession of so much beauty, abused him for his meanness; while the sober and thinking part of the world extolled her virtues, and only lamented that her birth and fortune had not rendered them more conspicuous and attracting. She was presented to the king, who was charmed with her person, and finding her heart and her sentiments would not disgrace the highest quality, added that which reconciled all parties, a title and place at court.

THE INDIAN STUDENT; OR, THE FORCE OF NATURE.

FROM Susquehannah's utmost springs,
Where savage tribes pursue their game,
(His blanket ty'd with yellow strings)
A shepherd of the Forest came.

From long debate the council rose;
And, viewing Shalum's tricks with joy,
To harvard-hall, o'er wastes of snows,
They sent the tawny-color'd boy.

Awhile he wrote ; awhile he read ;
Awhile he learn'd their grammar-rules :
An Indian Savage so well bred,
Great credit promis'd to the schools.

Some thought he would in law excel ;
Some said in phyfic he would shine ;
And one, who knew him passing well,
Beheld in him a sound divine.

But those of more discerning eye
E'en then could other prospects show ;
And saw him lay his Virgil by,
To wander with his dearer bow.

The tedious hour of study spent,
The heavy moulded lecture done,
He to the woods a hunting went ;
But sigh'd to see the setting sun.

The shady bank, the purling stream,
The woody wild his heart possess'd ;
The dewy lawn his morning dream,
In fancy's finest colors drest.

“ And why,” he cry'd, “ did I forsake
My native woods for gloomy walks ?
The silver stream, the limpid lake,
For musty books and college halls ?

A little could my wants supply :—
Can wealth and honor give me more ?
Or will the sylvan god deny
The humble treat he gave before ?

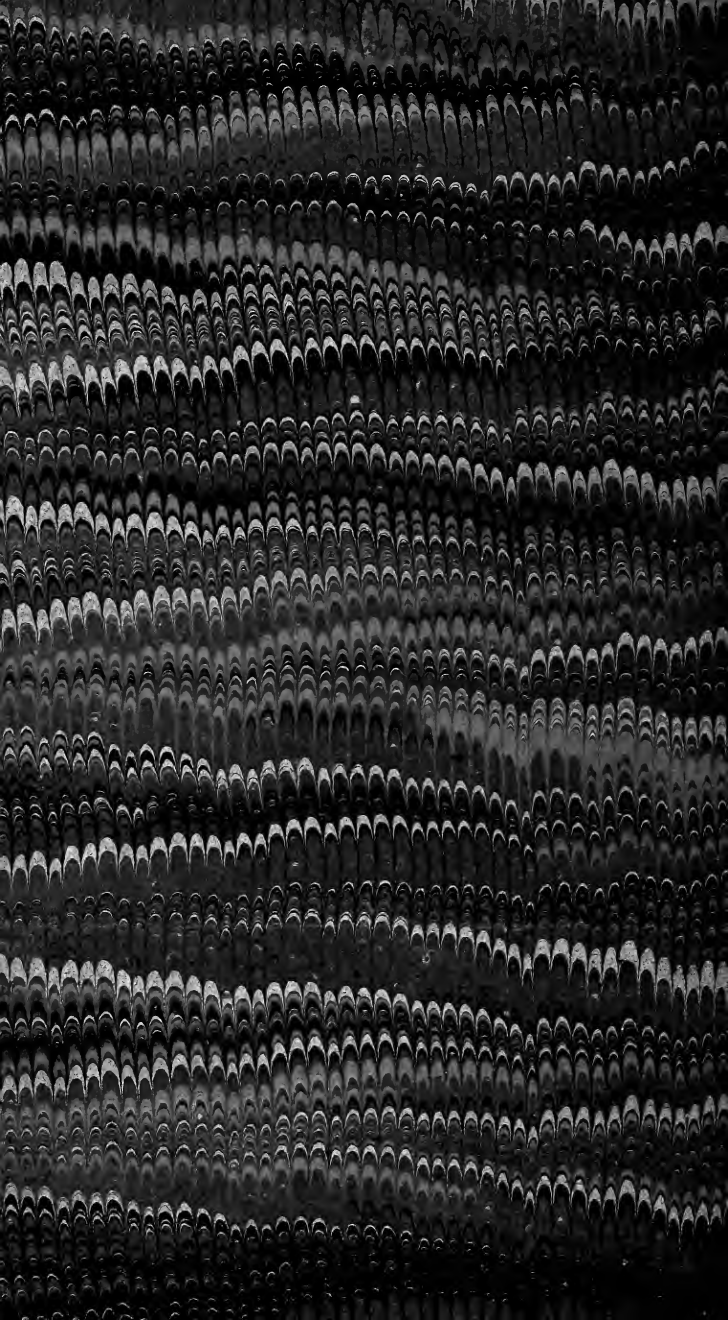
Where nature's ancient forests grow,
 And mingled laurel never fades,
 My heart is fix'd; and I must go
 To die among my native shades."

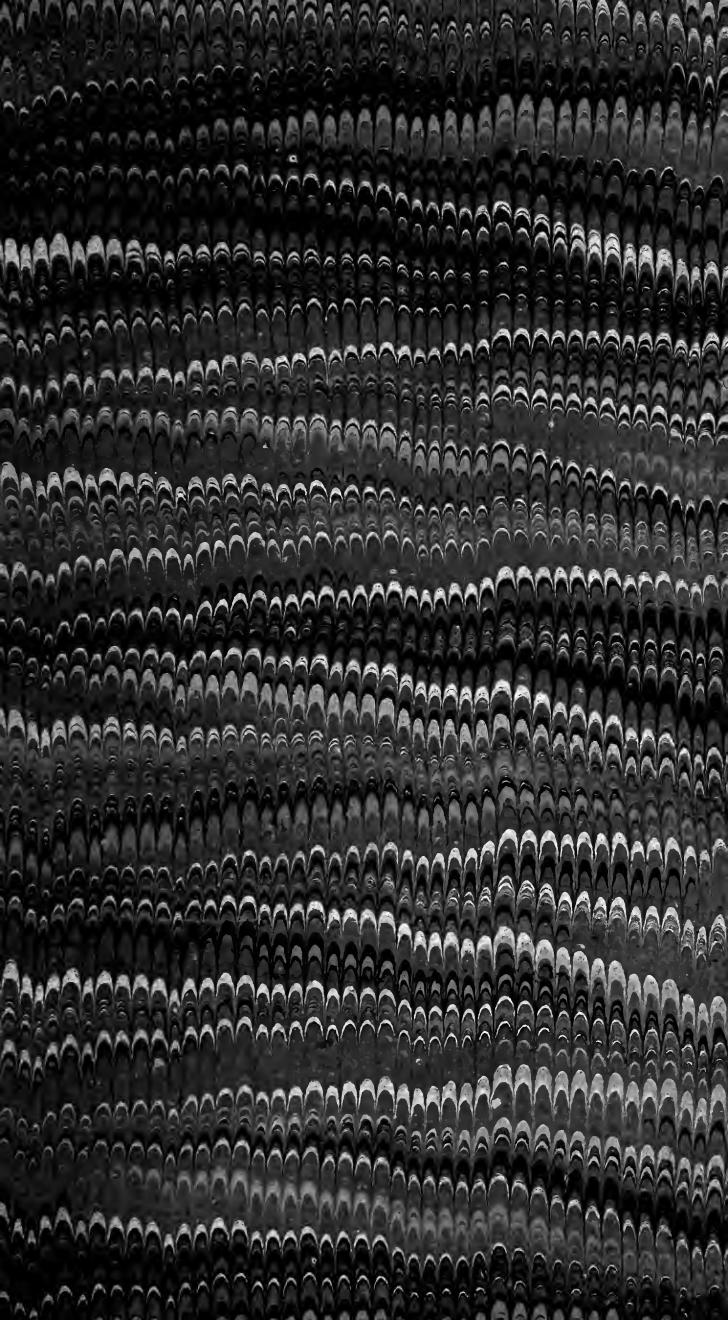
He spoke—and to the western springs
 (His gown discharg'd—his money spent—
 His blanket ty'd with yellow strings)
 The Shepherd of the forest went.

Returning to the rural reign,
 The Indians welcom'd him with joy;
 The council took him home again,
 And blest the tawny-color'd boy.

WISDOM.

BE Wisdom therefore your peculiar care,
 Nor waste the precious hours in vain despair;
 Associate with the good, attend the sage,
 And meekly listen to experienc'd age.
 What, if acquirements you have fail'd to gain,
 Such as the wise may want, the bad attain,
 Know, that Religion's sacred treasures lie
 Inviting, open, plain to ev'ry eye,
 For ev'ry age, for ev'ry genius fit,
 Nor limited to Science, or to Wit;
 To elevated talents not confin'd,
 But all may learn, the truths for all design'd;
 She calls, solicits, courts you to be blest,
 And points to mansions of eternal rest.





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